

CHICKEN RUN

Original Story
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Screenplay
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FADE IN:

EXT. TWEEDY'S FARM/YORKSHIRE DALES - NIGHT

A full moon shines on the Yorkshire Dales. TILT DOWN as the serene beauty is jarringly tainted by...

A CHAIN LINK FENCE

...surrounding a yard. Several huts sit in organized rows. Looks like a WWII P.O.W camp. A MAN walking a GUARD DOG patrols the perimeter with his flashlight, checks the huge padlock on the gate, moves on.

A silhouetted figure runs from one corner of a hut to another.

CLOSE ON THE CORNER OF THE HUT

A foot steps into the light. It's a chicken foot. That's right - a chicken. Named GINGER. Her eyes scan the area, then she dashes across the yard to the fence. Puts her back to it, waits again, then produces A SPOON. She starts to dig. Creates a hole at the base of the fence. Crawls under. Dashes over to a building - leaps behind just as the flashlight beam pans past.

She gives the okay sign to...

FIVE OTHER CHICKENS - who poke their heads out from behind the hut. They scamper to the fence and try to crawl through. BUNTY, the largest hen, stops halfway through. Struggles.

BUNTY

I'm stuck!

Her friend, BABS, and the others push from behind. Ginger hurries over and pulls from the front. Bunty strains, panics...

Chickens STRAIN as they try to push her through. The dogs bark.

GINGER

Get back!!

MR. TWEEDY, the pot-bellied oafish farmer, sics the dogs on her.

The dogs BARK and CHARGE! Ginger shoves Bunty back then runs frantically. THE OTHER DOG ROUNDS THE CORNER AND CHASES HER.

She runs up the steps of the farmhouse and backs toward the door. The dogs stalk her, snarling. She grabs a garden GNOME to fend them off. CHOMP! they bite the gnomes head off. Then, suddenly...

THE DOOR OPENS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The dogs cower. Ginger spins to find...

MRS. TWEEDY - ice for blood, expressionless face.

MRS. TWEEDY

Mr. Tweedy. What is that chicken doing
outside the fence?

MR. TWEEDY

Dunno, luv. I, I, I.....

MRS. TWEEDY

Just deal with it. NOW!

BLAM! She slams the door. Mr. Tweedy cowers and carries Ginger
to AN OLD COAL BUNKER NEAR THE SIDE OF THE BARN.

MR. TWEEDY

I'll teach you to make a fool of me...
(throwing Ginger inside,
turning to the other chickens)
Now let that be a lesson to the lot of
you. No chicken escapes from Tweedy's
Farm!

MILITARY DRUMS RAT-A-TAT-TAT as Mr. Tweedy marches back to the
house. We PULL UP AND AWAY getting our first overhead view of
the fence lined yard surrounded by the farm house buildings.

THE TITLE ZOOMS INTO THE FOREGROUND: "CHICKEN RUN"

TITLE SEQUENCE

A QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS...(OVER WHICH THE TITLES APPEAR)

- Ginger in the bunker, marks off days on the wall.
- Chickens sleep in bunk-like nest boxes. One by one they
awaken and crawl out the bunks revealing eggs in the nests.
- A human hand collects the eggs from the nests, then places
them in egg cartons.
- Mr. Tweedy lets Ginger out of the bunker. She squints from
the blinding sun. Mr. Tweedy angrily points her toward the
yard, boots her in through the gate.

INSIDE HUT 17

Ginger pulls down a retractable map revealing a drawing of an
elaborate escape plan.

EXT. CHICKEN YARD/FEED TROUGH AREA - DAY

Mr. Tweedy wheels the egg cart out through the open gate. Behind him A SMALL FEEDER RISES...on a pair of chicken feet. It dashes for the gate and wedges in - keeping it from closing.

Behind it, a LARGE feeder rises on SEVERAL pairs of chicken feet. Both feeders walk toward the open gate. The small feeder (GINGER) scoots through, holds the gate open. The big feeder hits the gate sideways. Gets stuck. Panic. It tips over.

Ginger rolls her eyes and when she turns the other way..

MR. TWEEDY IS STARING RIGHT BACK AT HER.

BLAM! Ginger is thrown in the bunker yet again. SLAM! The door shuts.

IN THE EGG PRODUCTION ROOM

- Mrs. Tweedy charts the declining egg yield on a chart

INSIDE HUT 17

Ginger unrolls yet another escape plan.

CUT TO:

TWO CHICKENS

lift the heater with sticks and move it aside. A piece of the floor is lifted away revealing A HOLE IN THE FLOOR which leads down to

A TUNNEL

Ginger crawls down into the tunnel and lays down on a roller-skate. She taps it with a spoon and she is pulled through the tunnel, Great Escape style.

ABOVE GROUND

Egg beaters break through the surface and shortly after, Ginger's head pops up. She checks around, then crawls out, looking left, then right. When she looks straight forward.

SHE'S NOSE TO NOSE WITH A DOG - who barks. She falls backwards...

...and into the coal bin yet again. BLAM! The door slams shut.

INT. HUT 17 - A DIFFERENT DAY

Ginger pulls out the bottom of an upper bunk, oblivious as the chicken in the bunk falls through the newly created opening.

The bunk bottom falls into place revealing yet another escape plan.

EXT. CHICKEN COMPOUND - NIGHT

A "human figure" wearing Mrs. Tweedy's dress lumbers through the gate past the sleeping dogs. They awaken, stare at the figure curiously.

The dress catches on a wheelbarrow. The dress slides off revealing...

OUR CHICKENS, STANDING ON EACH OTHER'S SHOULDERS, OPERATING THE FIGURE

Dogs BARK and charge through them. Chickens scatter and scamper back into the compound, slamming the gate behind as the figures head (GINGER) smacks into the gate.

INSIDE THE BUNKER - BLAM, BLAM, BLAM - the door slams again and again as Ginger is repeatedly thrown inside. BLAM - BLACKOUT.

FINAL TITLE CARD - END OF TITLE SEQUENCE

IN THE DARKNESS - we hear TH-THUMP, TH-THUMP, TH-THUMP.

FADE IN:

INT. COAL BUNKER - MORNING

Ginger bounces a turnip against the wall, Steve McQueen style. The door opens.

Ginger is booted into the chicken run once again. She falls in the mud, getting really tired of this.

BABS (O.S.)

Morning, Ginger. Back from holiday?

Ginger rises, dusts herself off. Babs and Ducky are there.

GINGER

I wasn't on holiday, Babs. I was in solitary confinement.

BABS

Awww...it's nice to get a bit of time to yourself, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ginger is about to answer when...

A BELL RINGS.

ON THE ROOF OF HUT 1

A crotchety rooster, FOWLER, shuffles to the edge of a hut's rooftop, clears his throat and crows....

FOWLER

ROLL CALL!! Come along there, you'll
be late for parade!

Chickens pour out of their huts in a panic. Fowler rounds the corner of a hut, waving his stick wildly as hoards of nervous chickens fall into line.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Pip pip, quick march, left right, left
right, left right.

Ginger and Babs hurry into line. Babs hides her knitting.
Fowler marches down the line.

FOWLER (cont'd)

Come on, smarten up. Discipline.
Order. Why back in my R.A.F. days, when
the senior officer called for a
scramble, you'd hop in the old crate
and tally-ho! Chocks away!

He arrives at BUNTY - the biggest hen.

BUNTY

Aw give over, you old fool. They just
want to count us.

FOWLER

H-h-how dare you talk back to a senior
ranking officer. Why back in my R.A.F.
days...

GINGER

Fowler, they're coming. Back in line.

Fowler hops in line.

FOWLER

Right. Atten--tion!
(to Bunty)

There'll be a stern reprimand for you,
lad. You're grounded!

CLOSE ON THE GATE - MORNING

The gate opens and Mrs. Tweedy marches in like the camp commandant, carrying with her a RED RUBBER GLOVE.

CLOSE ON GINGER who stands beside MAC, a bespectacled Scottish hen and the brains of the outfit.

MAC

(whispering to Ginger)

Welcome back, hen. Is there a new plan?

Ginger, keeping a watchful eye trained on Mrs. Tweedy, secretly slips Mac a folded scrap of paper.

Mrs. Tweedy stops before them, snaps her rubber glove menacingly. The chickens all GULP.

Mac discreetly eyes the paper Ginger gave her.

MAC (cont'd)

I thought we tried going under.

Ginger quickly reaches over, flips the drawing right-side up.

MAC (cont'd)

Ah. Over. Right.

Mr. Tweedy hands Mrs. Tweedy a clipboard. She marches down the row of two hundred hens as she scans it.

GINGER

(to Bunty beside her)

How's the egg count?

BUNTY

I laid five this morning. Five! Well chuffed with that, I was. Well chuffed.

FOWLER

Shoosh!

Mrs. Tweedy stops and checks a row on her egg count report. Five zeros in a row.

She lowers the clipboard revealing a certain unlucky chicken.

GINGER (O.S.)

Oh no. Edwina.

Mrs. Tweedy grins with devilish delight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINGER (cont'd)

Bunty, why didn't you give her some of your eggs?

BUNTY

I would have. She didn't tell me, she didn't tell anyone!

Mr. Tweedy grabs Edwina by the neck and carries her out the gate. Mrs. Tweedy follows.

BABS

Is Edwina off on holiday?

Ginger just gives her a look as she peels away.

THE TWEEDYS

stop outside a door to a red-bricked building. Mrs. Tweedy puts on the red glove as if preparing for a medical procedure. Mr. Tweedy hands her Edwina.

Ginger climbs onto the roof of a hut in the far corner.

Mrs. Tweedy opens the door.. There's an AXE stuck into a stump. She removes it and enters the room. Their shadows are cast onto the wall.

All Ginger can do is watch as Edwina is placed on the chopping block. The axe is raised.

CUT TO Ginger as O.S. we hear a swift CHOP! Ginger turns away.

THE CHICKENS IN THE YARD - shuffle and cluck nervously.

GINGER - bows her head as she sits on the roof and looks the other way. There's a SQUAWK overhead. She looks up.

A FLOCK OF GEESE FLY OVERHEAD.

She follows them as they fly toward a particularly lush hill. A beam of sunlight shines down on it creating an ethereal glow.

Ginger stares at it, eyes welling with tears.

GINGER

(to herself)

We've got to get out of here.

Mac appears below the hut and calls up to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAC

Ginger?

(tapping the paper)

Are we still on.

Ginger screws up her face, determined.

GINGER

Oh, we're on alright.

(giving her the thumbs up)

Spread the word, Mac. Meeting tonight
in Hut 17.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HUT 17 - NIGHT

Stillness for a moment. Then three chickens dart from one hut to the door of Hut 17. They give a secret knock. A peep hole pops open. Eyes peer out. The peep hole closes. The door opens. The chickens slip in. The door quickly closes.

CLOSE ON DOOR - as a rat hand knocks on it. The peep hole opens again. Eyes peer out. Look down at...

NICK AND FETCHER - two rats dressed like carpetbaggers.

NICK

You called?

The door opens.

NICK (cont'd)

Nick and...

FETCHER

...Fetcher...

NICK

...at your service

Ginger slips out and over to the side of the hut, keeping a wary eye on...

THE FARMHOUSE

...where Mr. Tweedy peers through the curtains.

GINGER

Over here.

The round the corner and convene...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHIND HUT 17

GINGER (CONT'D)

We need some more things.

WHHT-WHHT-WHHT. In three quick moves, they whip out their briefcase, unfold the legs and open the top and hawk their wares like Oxford St. con men. Nick pulls out a thimble.

NICK

How bout this quality hand crafted tea set?

Fetcher pulls out a bathtub stopper and chain.

FETCHER

Or this lovely necklace and pendant?

Nick pulls out a shuttlecock.

NICK

Or this beauiful little number, all the rage in the fashionable chicken coups of Paris. Simply pop it on like so and as the French hens say -- Voila!

He puts the shuttlecock on Ginger's head.

FETCHER

That's French.

NICK

That's two hats in one, Miss. For parties.

(turning it upside down)

For weddings.

(ass kissing flattery)

Oh, madam. This makes you look like a vision, like a dream...

FETCHER

Like a duck!

Nick fires Fetcher a look. Ginger ignores them, removes the shuttlecock, hands them the drawing she gave to Mac.

GINGER

(pointing to list)

No thank you. We're making this. We need these things. Can you get them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICK

(eyeing the list)

Ooooh, this is a big job, miss. Bigger
than the others. It's gonna cost.

GINGER

Same as always, one bag of seed.

She hands nick a bag of chicken seed. Nick lets the seed fall
through his fingers.

NICK

You call this pay?

FETCHER

It's chicken feed!

GINGER

What else could we give you?

NICK

Eggs.

GINGER

Eggs?!

FETCHER

Eggs.

She said that louder than she wanted, looks to the farmhouse,
lowers her voice.

GINGER

We can't give you our eggs, they're too
valuable.

NICK

And so are we.

(turning to Fetcher)

After you, Fetcher.

FETCHER

After I what?

NICK

MOVE!

Nick pushes Fetcher out of frame. Ginger checks the farmhouse,
blows out her lantern and returns to Hut 17.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. TWEEDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mr. Tweedy squints out the window, puts a pair of binoculars to his eyes. Continues to stare as he absently chews on a chicken drumstick.

PAN PAST HIM, past a half eaten chicken carcass on the dinner table to MRS. TWEEDY, seated at her corner desk, feverishly entering numbers on her hand cranked adding machine.

MRS. TWEEDY
(muttering under her breath)
Fourteen shillings and thrupence
...seven and sixpence...two and
nine...fourpence ha'penny...UGH!
(crumpling her paper)
Stupid, worthless creatures. I'm sick
and tired of making miniscule profits.

She glances down to the pile of mail on her desk. Beneath the pile, we see the top of a magazine. A slogan reads "SICK AND TIRED OF MAKING MINISCULE PROFITS?"

Mrs. Tweedy slowly slides away the pile of mail to reveal the rest of the magazine. Emblazoned across it in big bold letters, it reads "TURN YOUR CHICKEN FARM INTO A GOLD MINE."

Mrs. Tweedys eyes glimmer as she eyes the magazine and slowly lifts it to her face.

INSIDE - is a photo of a farmer standing before some sort of machine. The bubble above his head reads "I'm rich!"

MRS. TWEEDY (cont'd)
Hmm....

MR. TWEEDY - continues to stare out the window.

MR. TWEEDY
Those chickens are up to summat.

Mrs. Tweedy is engrossed in the magazine.

MRS. TWEEDY
Quiet. I'm onto something.

MR. TWEEDY
They're organized, I know it.

MRS. TWEEDY
I said - quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. TWEEDY

(whispering)

That ginger one - I reckon she's their leader.

Mrs. Tweedy SLAMS her fist down on the desk.

MRS. TWEEDY

Mr. Tweedy!

Mr. Tweedy spins, binoculars still to his eyes. She's right upon him!

MR. TWEEDY

Ah!

She slowly walks toward him. He cowers.

MRS. TWEEDY

I may have found a way to finally make us some real money around here and what are you on about? Ridiculous notions of escaping chickens.

MR. TWEEDY

B-b-but...

She's right upon him now.

MRS. TWEEDY

It's all in your head, Mr. Tweedy. Say it!

MR. TWEEDY

It's all in me head, it's all in me head...

MRS. TWEEDY

Now -- you keep telling yourself that because I don't want to hear another word about it, is that clear?

MR. TWEEDY

Yes, luv.

(on second thought)

But you know that ginger one, luv...

MRS. TWEEDY

THEY'RE CHICKENS, YOU DOLT! Apart from you, they're the most stupid creatures on this planet! They don't plot, they

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. TWEEDY (cont'd)
don't scheme, and they are not --
ORGANIZED!!

CUT TO:

INT. HUT 17 - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A GAVEL as it bangs on a heater vent pipe.

GINGER
Order, ORDER!...I would like to call to
order the fifty-seventh meet...oh
please, if you could just settle dow...

And our very organized chickens continue to MURMUR. The room is filled with escape plan paraphernalia; drawings of past escape attempts with big "x's" through them, models, a pull down, retractable map of the farmyard layout.

FOWLER
QUIET THERE! LET'S HAVE SOME
DISCIPLINE IN THE RANKS, WHAT WHAT.

Everyone quiets from the sheer volume of his command.

GINGER
Thank you, Fowler.

FOWLER
In my RAF days we were never allowed to
waste time with unnecessary chit chat.

GINGER
Yes thank you Fowler--

Fowler notices the hens have settled, looks a little lost.

FOWLER
Right.
(clearing his throat)
Carry on.

Ginger turns back to the others.

GINGER
Now -- our last escape attempt was a
bit of a fiasco...

Cut to TWO CHICKENS chicken wearing head bandages. Both nod.

GINGER (cont'd)
But Mac and I have come up with a brand
new plan. Show 'em, Mac.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mac sets a MODEL CATAPULT on the table.

MAC

Right. We've tried going under the wire and that didnae work. So, the plan is -- we go over it. This is us, right?

(putting a turnip in the catapult)

We get in like this- wind 'er up -- and let 'er go!

The turnip flies past Fowler and splats against the wall above his head. The chickens GASP AND MURMUR.

FOWLER

Good grief - the turnip's bought it!

The LOOKOUT CHICKEN glances out the window.

LOOKOUT CHICKEN

Farmer's coming!

She blows her DUCK CALL. Chickens scatter.

FOWLER

Operation cover-up.

Bunks are moved, drawings hidden, retractable maps retracted, lights snuffed out as...

THE ROOF OF THE HUT OPENS

Mr. Tweedy's oafish face peers in. He shines his light inside, pans it around. Comes across a tea kettle sitting on a nest. Double takes. Shines his light on it again.

The kettles been covered with a makeshift chicken disguise. The chicken in the bunk below provides discreet "CLUCK, CLUCK, CLUCKS..."

Mr. Tweedy's eyes narrow. He knows something is going on.

MRS. TWEEDY (WAY O.S.)

MR. TWEEDY ! ! ! WHERE ARE YOU?!

He jumps. The door slams on his head.

MR. TWEEDY

(chanting to himself)

It's all in your head, it's all in your head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BACK INSIDE THE HUT...

The LOOKOUT CHICKEN checks outside. Coast is clear. Gives the thumbs up to Ginger who leaps off the bed as the lantern is relit. Chickens stir again. MURMURING.

GINGER

Think, everyone, think. What haven't we tried yet?

The chickens collectively try to think.

BUNTY

We haven't tried not trying to escape.

BABS

Mmmm, that might work!

Ginger passes Edwina's empty nest, points to it.

GINGER

What about Edwina? How many more empty nests will it take?

BUNTY

P'raps it wouldn't be empty if she spent more time layin' and less time escapin'.

GINGER

So laying eggs all your life and then getting plucked stuffed and roasted is good enough for you, is it?

BABS

It's a living.

Ginger can't believe what she's hearing.

GINGER

You know what the problem is? The fences aren't just round the farm. They're up here - in your heads.

(stirring music underneath)

There's a better place out there - somewhere beyond that hill - and, and it has wide open spaces and lots of trees. And grass. Can you imagine that? Cool green grass.

Ginger is lost in her vision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DUCKY

Who feeds us?

GINGER

We feed ourselves!

AGNES

Where's the farm?

GINGER

There is no farm.

BABS

Then where does the farmer live?

GINGER

There is no farmer, Babs.

BABS

Is he on holiday?

GINGER

He isn't anywhere. Don't you get it?
There's no morning egg count, no
farmers, no dogs and coops and keys and
no fences!

Bunty seems lost in the moment...

BUNTY

In all my life - I've never heard such
a fantastic - LOAD OF TRIPE.

(turning to Ginger)

Oh, face the facts, ducks -- the
chances of us getting out of here are a
million to one.

The chickens await Ginger's response. She squares off with
Bunty.

GINGER

Then there's still a chance.

Ginger stares at them for a moment, then leaves the hut.

EXT. HUT 17 - NIGHT

Ginger steps outside Hut 17 trying to keep a brave face -- then
she buries her head in her hands and begins to sob.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINGER

Oh no, oh no, oh no...what am I doing?
Who are you trying to fool? You can't
lead this bunch of...

She walks over to the fence, bangs it in frustration.

GINGER (cont'd)

<BIG SIGH> Heaven, help us.

There's a FLASH of lightning, then a THUNDERCLAP. Ginger turns
to see...

A figure flying toward her, screaming...

ROCKY

FREEEDOM!!!!

Ginger eye's widen as she realizes the figure is A ROOSTER
(ROCKY). He sails over her head, gives a little salute, then -
THWANG - slams into a weathercock, spins around, gets flung back
the other way then - SPROINGGG - hits the power lines and gets
shot back the other way, plummeting headfirst into the feeders.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

AHHH...ah, ah, ah, ah...

A light goes on inside the Tweedy's farmhouse.

The other chickens hurry out of Hut 17 in time to see Rocky flip
out of the feeder and land on his feet in front of Ginger.

ROCKY (cont'd)

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, you've
been a wonderful audience.

He holds the pose for a beat, then SLAM - the upended feeder
crashes down on top of him. A pice of paper flies up into the
air.

Ginger watches as it floats down, down, down and lands in her
hands.

DRAMATIC PUSH IN ON GINGER - as her eyes widen.

GINGER

THAT'S - IT!

The front door to the farm opens. Mr. Tweedy exits with a
flashlight.

GINGER (cont'd)

Get him inside. Quickly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mr. Tweedy and the dogs patrol the fence perimeter. His flashlight beam WIPES THROUGH FRAME.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HUT 17 - NIGHT

TWO CHICKENS quickly close the curtains as Mr. Tweedy's light pans past.

CLOSE ON - a poster of Rocky flying through the air.

Above it, a caption reads: "ROCKY THE FLYING ROOSTER!"

PULL BACK to find Ginger holding the poster out for all the other chickens to see.

GINGER

This is our way out of here.

BABS

We'll make posters?

GINGER

(get with the program, Babs)
What's on the poster, Babs, what's on
the poster! We'll fly out.

HUSHED MURMURS from the other chickens.

BABS

He must be very important to have his
picture taken. What do you suppose he
does?

BUNTY

Isn't it obvious? He's a professional
flying rooster. He flies from farm to
farm giving demonstrations.

BABS

Do you suppose?

BUNTY

Oh, absolutely.

Rocky stirs and MOANS, then groggily opens his eyes.

ROCKY

(groggy, delirious)
Mmmmm...dark...no...not in there, not in
there...gotta get...gotta get...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes open..HIS. P.O.V. - BLURRY, SEVERAL CHICKENS STARING
BACK

ROCKY (CONT'D)

AH!

He backs to the wall...

ROCKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who are y...where am I?...what's
going...OUCH!

(clutching his arm, seeing the
bandage)

What happened to my wing?

The chickens look confused to one another, then peer underneath
the bed.

GINGER

You took a rather nasty fall.

MAC

(fast, thick Scottish accent)

An sprained the anterior tendon
connecting your radius to your humerus.
I gave her a wee bit of a tweak, jimmy,
and wrapped her up.

ROCKY

(turning to Ginger)

Was that English?

GINGER

She said you sprained your wing. She
fixed it.

BABS

And I made the bandage!

BUNTY

I carried you in!

The chickens close in on him.

CHICKENS

(crowding in on him)

I fluffed the hay!...I rubbed your
feet!...I sang you to sleep!...etc.

ROCKY

(enjoying the attention,
chuckling)

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa -- whoa. Let's
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCKY (cont'd)
back up and start from the top. Where
am I?

GINGER
(stumbling)
You're right, how rude of us...we're
just very exci...this is a chicken
farm.

BABS
And we're the chickens.

ROCKY
Yeah, with you so far -- chicken farm,
chickens...

Fowler breaks through the crowd, comes beak to beak with Rocky.

FOWLER
I don't like the look of this one.
His eyes are too close together.

GINGER
Fowler, please...

FOWLER
And he's a Yank.

ROCKY
Easy pops. Cockfighting is illegal
where I come from!

BUNTY
And where is that exactly?

ROCKY
Just a little place I call the land of
the free and the home of the brave.

MAC
Scotland!

ROCKY
No - America.

Murmurs from the chickens. "Oooh, America..." "how exciting," etc.
Fowler flings Rocky's arm off in disgusting.

FOWLER
Poppycock!
(turning to leave, muttering as
he goes)
Pushy Americans, always showing up late
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FOWLER (cont'd)
for every war. Overpaid, over sexed,
and over here!

Fowler storms out. The door slams shut.

ROCKY
Hey, what's eating Grandpa?

GINGER
Don't mind him, Mr...Mr...?

ROCKY
The name's Rocky. Rocky the Rhode Island Red.
Rhodes for short.

BABS
Rocky Roads?

ROCKY
Catchy, ain't it?

The chickens all nod.

GINGER
Um...Mr. Rhodes -- is this you?

She shows him the poster. Rocky recoils.

ROCKY
(suspicious)
Uhhh...who wants to know?

GINGER
A group of rather desperate chickens.
You see, if it is you, then you just
might be the answer to our prayers.

He looks around at all the chickens smiling back at him, batting
their eyes, then points to the poster.

ROCKY
Well, then call me a miracle, doll face
-- cause that's me!!

CHICKENS APPLAUD.

BEATRICE
And what brings you to England, Mr.
Roads?

ROCKY
Why, all the beautiful English chicks,
of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He smiles, oh so charming. The chickens swoon.

BUNTY

Give over!

She smacks Rocky on the back - hard. He nearly loses his breath. The hens crowd around him. He slips out, moves amongst the hens casually.

ROCKY

See, I'm a traveler by nature. I did that whole "barnyard thing" for a while but couldn't really get into it.

(passing a chicken)

Hi, how are ya?

The chicken swoons and faints.

ROCKY (cont'd)

(back to the others)

Nope. The open road - that's more my style. Just give me a pack on my back, and point me where the wind blows.

The chickens are awestruck. Even Ginger is taken with him.

ROCKY (cont'd)

In fact, you know what they call me back home? You're gonna love this...

(painting the words in the air)

The Lone Free Ranger.

CHICKENS

Ooooh.

ROCKY

(thrown)

Yeah, idn't that great?

GINGER

I knew it was possible...

ROCKY

...oh it's possible alright...

GINGER

...and I knew the answer would come...

ROCKY

Amen!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GINGER

We're all going to fly over that fence
and Mr. Rhodes is going to show us how.
Right!?

ROCKY

That's rrr...WHAT?! Did you say fly?

GINGER

You can teach us.

Rocky looks around. The chickens nod eagerly.

ROCKY

Um...No, I can't.

Ginger is confused as Rocky hastily gathers his things. The
chickens crowd around him, pleading for his help.

CHICKENS

Please stay...please Mr. Rhodes...

ROCKY

Sh, sh shhh. You hear that?

Rocky cocks an ear to the door. The chickens lean forward,
trying to hear.

ROCKY (cont'd)

That's the open road calling my name,
and I was born to answer that call.
Bye.

He dashes out the door.

BABS

(trying to hear through door)
He must have very good hearing.

EXT. CHICKEN COMPOUND - NIGHT

Rocky struts toward the fence.

ROCKY

(muttering to himself)
Okay, okay...where's the exit...ah,
this way...

Ginger marches up from behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINGER

Mr. Rhodes -- perhaps I didn't explain our situation properly.

(catching her breath)

We lay eggs, day in and day out, and when we can't lay anymore -- they kill us.

ROCKY

It's a cruel world, doll face. Might as well get used to it.

He keeps walking. Ginger steps into his path.

GINGER

Which part of 'they kill us' do you not understand?

ROCKY

Hey, I got my own set a problems to worry about. Besides, this birdcage can't be that hard to bust out of. In fact, watch me.

GINGER

It's not so hard to get one chicken out of here, or even two, but this is about all of us.

Rocky stops in his tracks, spins around, stunned.

ROCKY

All of you?!

GINGER

That's what I've been trying to tell you.

ROCKY

Wait a minute, let me get this straight -- you want to get every chicken in this place out of here -- at the same time!!

GINGER

Of course.

ROCKY

You're certifiable! You can't pull off a stunt like that -- that's suicide!

GINGER

Where there's a will, there's a way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCKY

Couldn't agree more. And I will be
leaving - that way.

He walks away. Ginger is getting desperate.

GINGER

But...Mr. Rhodes...please...

Just then...

A VAN PULLS INTO THE DRIVEWAY

On the side of the van is a logo of a lion jumping through a
ring of fire with two elephants reared up on their hind legs.
It reads: "BUNGLING BROTHERS ANIMAL CIRCUS"

Rocky freezes. Dives behind a hut. Ginger stays in the open
and watches as a CIRCUS MAN steps out of the truck, heads for
the farm.

GINGER (CONT'D)

So that's it -- you're from the circus.

Rocky leaps out, grabs her, pulls her into the shadows.

ROCKY

Shhh.

Rocky keeps an eye on the circus van as it stops in the farmyard
driveway. The CIRCUS MAN is met by Mr. and Mrs. Tweedy.

GINGER

You're on the run, aren't you?

ROCKY

(whispering)

You wanna keep it down? I'm trying to
lay low here.

GINGER

(indignant)

I should turn you in right now.

ROCKY

You wouldn't.

(on second thought)

Would you?

GINGER

Give me one reason why I shouldn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROCKY
Because I'm cute?

GINGER
BRAAAAK!

The Tweedys and the Circus Man turn toward the noise.

ROCKY
(hushed tones)
Hey, hey, hey, hey -- what kinda crazy
chick are you? Do you know what'll
happen if he finds me?

GINGER
(shrugging)
It's a cruel world...

ROCKY
I just decided - I don't like you.

GINGER
I just decided - I don't care. Now,
show us how to fly.

ROCKY
With this wing?

GINGER
Teach us then.

ROCKY
No!

GINGER
BRAAAK!!

Ginger SQUAWKS again. Rocky holds her beak shut.

WITH THE TWEEDYS AND THE CIRCUS MAN...

MRS. TWEEDY
(flatly)
He's valuable, you say.

CIRCUS MAN
Ummm...sure.

MRS. TWEEDY
(to Mr. Tweedy)
Get the torch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BACK WITH ROCKY AND GINGER

ROCKY

(through gritted teeth)
Now you listen here, sister. I'm not
going back to that life. I'm a Lone
Free Ranger -- emphasis on free.

GINGER

And that's what we want -- freedom.

Ginger sees the humans, armed with a flashlight, headed their way.

GINGER (CONT'D)

(relishing)

Fancy that. They're coming this way.

ROCKY

(panicking)

Oh no!...they're on to me...

GINGER

Teach us how to fly and we'll hide you.

ROCKY

And if I don't...?

GINGER

(big breath)

Braa....

Ginger takes a breath to squawk again. Rocky grabs her beak.

ROCKY

Was your father by any chance a
vulture?

She pushes his hand away.

GINGER

Do we have a deal?

Ginger extends a hand for him to shake. Rocky hesitates, checks over his shoulder. Really has no choice. He shakes on it. Ginger yanks him out of frame.

The Tweedys and Circus Man approach.

ROCKY

Time to make good on that deal, doll f...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GINGER

(grabbing his beak)

The name - is Ginger!

Ginger knocks on the hut behind her. A SLAT in the hut behind them falls open. Chicken wing/hands grab Rocky and Ginger and pull them inside and the door falls just as Mrs. Tweedy rounds the corner with a flashlight.

She opens the roof of Hut 17, pans her flashlight around. Nothing but sleeping chickens.

The roof closes.

Then -- a secret hatch door opens. Ginger peers inside.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Comfortable?

CLOSE ON - Rocky, crammed inside the small hatch.

ROCKY

Not really.

Ginger produces a SHOE HORN.

GINGER

Maybe this will help.

She shoves the shoe horn under Rocky.

ROCKY

Ooomph!

(helping him out)

Nice hide out. I had more room in my egg.

GINGER

We've held up our end of the deal, tomorrow you hold up yours.

ROCKY

What deal?

GINGER

The flying!

ROCKY

Right, right, right. Don't worry. I'll teach you everything I know.

(surveying the room)

Now. Which bunk is mine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

All the hens eagerly lean out of their bunks and wave. Me, me!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FOWLER'S HUT - NIGHT

Rocky and Fowler are awkwardly huddled together in one bunk.

FOWLER

Absolutely outrageous! Asking a senior officer to share his quarters - and with a non-commissioned Yank no less! Why back in my day...

ROCKY

Hey! - You weren't exactly my first choice either.

EXT. FOWLER'S HUT/COMPOUND - NIGHT

As we PULL AWAY...

ROCKY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And scoot over. You're wing's on my side of the bunk.

FOWLER (O.S.)

Your side of the bunk? The whole bunk is my side of the bunk!

ROCKY

What's that smell? Is that your breath?

FOWLER

Absolutely outrageous!

The pull back ends on an overhead view of FOWLER'S HUT and then further back to a few of...

THE ENTIRE CHICKEN YARD

Night turns to day. We PUSH IN toward the corner of the yard.

EXT. CHICKEN YARD - MORNING

STAYING ON FOWLER'S HUT as night turns to day we hear...

ROCKY (O.S.)

(as if lecturing)

So. You wanna fly, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON ROCKY - pacing before the hens, looking haggard, no sleep, rough night.

ROCKY (cont'd)

Well - it ain't gonna be easy. And it ain't gonna happen overnight, either.

(finally getting an idea)

See, flying takes three things. Hard work. Perseverance And....hard work.

Fowler stands in the doorway of his hut -- across the way.

FOWLER

You said hard work twice!

ROCKY

(without missing a beat)

That's because it takes twice as much work as perseverance.

Rocky licks his finger, makes a mark in the air. Score one for him. The hens laugh.

FOWLER

Codswallop!

(as he walks away, grumbling)

Cocky Yanks, think they know it all, always have a snappy answer...

And he's gone. Rocky continues.

ROCKY

Now the most important thing is, we have to work as a team -- which means you do everything I tell you.

Rocky hops up on his egg-crate podium.

ROCKY (cont'd)

Right. Let's rock-n-roll!

CUT TO:

EXERCISE MONTAGE - VARIOUS TIMES OF DAY

- Chickens begin to exercise. Simple arm extensions at first, out and to the sides, out and to the sides...

Rocky leads them, they mirror his every move. At one point, he clutches his hurt wing in pain...

ROCKY

Oooh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...and in unison, they all clutch their wings.

CHICKENS

Oooh.

- Chickens lie on their backs, feet in the air - peddling.

The chickens do toe touches. Ginger catches Rocky eyeing her tailfeathers. She stops, gives him a look. He smiles sheepishly and moves on.

Rocky walks across the yard, trying to work the kinks out of his hurt wing. The chickens mimic his moves -- and it looks like they're doing T'ai chi.

Mr. Tweedy pushes his egg cart just outside the fence. He casually looks to his left then does a huge double take.

HIS P.O.V. - there's a row of chickens doing push ups.

MR. TWEEDY

Mrs. Tweedy! The chickens are...

He spins around. Mrs. Tweedy is behind him. He points to the yard. She looks.

MR. TWEEDY (cont'd)

...pecking?

The chickens are now pecking at the dirt.

Mrs. Tweedy smacks him in the back of the head with the clipboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICKEN YARD - NEXT DAY

Chickens stand in formation stretching in the direction Rocky calls out...

ROCKY (O.S.)

And RIGHT-two-three-and LEFT-two-three.
And right-two-three...and stop right there.

The chickens stop.

ROCKY (cont'd)

Oh, yeah. Down.

They all go down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY (cont'd)
Make little circles.

Ginger is confused as the chickens start spinning in circles.

ROCKY (cont'd)
Faster.

They spin faster.

ROCKY (cont'd)
Ahhh, yes. Perfect.

Ginger finally looks up and sees...

ROCKY SITTING IN A PAIL OF HOT WATER. His own personal hot tub.
ONE CHICKEN pumps a bicycle pump creating the bubbles while
ANOTHER CHICKEN massages his shoulder.

GINGER furrows her brow, approaches Rocky who has his eyes closed, enjoying his deluxe spa treatment.

The spa hens see Ginger, smile sheepishly and sidestep it back into line. Rocky opens his eyes, sees Ginger. Frowns.

GINGER
I thought you we're going to teach us
how to fly.

ROCKY
That's what I'm doing.

GINGER
Isn't there usually some "flapping"
involved?

ROCKY
Hey, do I tell you how to lay eggs?
(leaning back)
Relax, we're making progress.

GINGER
Really? I can't help feeling we're
going round in circles.

Rocky notices the chickens spinning in circles. Looks confused.

ROCKY
(to chickens)
What the -- hey, ! Cut it out! You're
making me dizzy.
(to Ginger)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCKY (cont'd)

Ummm, yeah, -- I think they're ready to fly now.

The chickens spin and fall down.

GINGER

Good. Because they certainly can't walk anymore.

ROCKY

(calls out to birds)

Up and at 'em, gals. Let's flap!

CUT TO:

FLYING MONTAGE - VARIOUS TIMES OF DAY

We're TIGHT ON one chicken flapping. PULL BACK to reveal she's flapping and running. She goes up a ramp and flaps off end.

NICK

Right Fetcher. Let's see if ol' Atila the Hen has come to her senses.

They hear a chicken screaming, look up. A hen is falling toward them. The leap left. Another hen falls. They leap right. Chickens fall all around them.

FETCHER

It's raining hen!

NICK

Hallelujah!

Babs falls into frame.

NICK (cont'd)

What's this caper luv?

BABS

(Still knitting)

We're flying.

NICK

Obviously.

Nick and Fetcher watch as chickens take turns leaping off a catapult.

FETCHER

Flippin' 'ell. Look at this, Fetch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FETCHER (cont'd)

They're gonna kill themselves.

(beat)

Wanna watch.

NICK

(long pause, shrug)

Yeah, alright.

- Mac and two others run along a conveyor belt, flapping. Mac falls. The belt sends her under the other two, tripping them up. She slides through the dirt and lands at Rocky and Ginger's feet. She gives him a look. He shrugs.

- As Nick and Fetcher watch from their makeshift bleachers, a chicken runs through frame jumping off a hot water bottle as if it were a small trampoline.

NICK/FETCHER

Ooooh...

Another chicken runs in, jumps...

NICK/FETCHER (cont'd)

Ahhhhh...

And then another -- who crashes hard O.S.

NICK

Oi! Careful those eggs!

They nudge each other and laugh at their horrible pun heckles.

- Bunty runs through frame carrying a chicken overhead. She hurls the chicken who lands upside down in a watering can.

NICK (cont'd)

Look! Sunnyside up.

- Next, she throws Mac -- who lands on her head before flipping a couple of times.

FETCHER

Now they're over easy!

- One chicken has a rope tied around the other. She pulls on the rope. The 2nd Chicken spins like a top, getting airborne for a second before she lands and drills herself into the dirt.

NICK

Definitely scrambled.

A CHICKEN RUNS ALONG A ROOFTOP RIDGE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And the end, she jumps off, flaps, then drops out of frame like a lead weight. Another chicken does the same. Flaps, falls.

ROCKY

Go, go, go, go, go, go...GO!

NICK

(calling out)

Poultry in motion!

ON GINGER

who's trying hard to ignore them. She runs and jumps off the roof, flaps, flaps, she's hovering. She stops flapping. She's still hovering. Huh? She looks down.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL she's landed on a pile of chickens. She sighs. Pile of chickens collapse beneath her.

FETCHER

Birds of a feather, flop together!

EXT. CHICKEN COMPOUND - DUSK

Chickens, clutching their backs, MOANING and GROANING limp back toward their huts, passing Rocky as they do.

ROCKY

Great work, ladies. Great work. The pain you're feeling is good. Pain is your friend, okay? It's a positive thing.

ON ROCKY - as he moves amongst them.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Just keep the faith there, uh...what's your name there. Agnes, Agnes. You'll get there. And Ducky, I think you flew four feet today.

The rats are still off to the side in their bleachers.

NICK

Right! Four feet! From the roof to the ground!

Nick and Fetcher laugh some more.

ROCKY

All part of the process, ladies.
Nothing to worry about.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY (cont'd)
(aside to the rats)
Ya cheese eatin little bas..

A loud RUMBLE sounds O.S. Rocky stops.

THE WATER IN THE FEED TROUGH JIGGLES - a la "Jurassic Park."

ROCKY (cont'd)
Whoa, that doesn't sound good.

Chickens freeze. Look around. Tense. Confused. The ground begins to shake. Rocky gulps.

ROCKY (cont'd)
Okay, the ground's shaking. Are we,
are we worried...?

Suddenly, headlights wash over them as a LARGE TRUCK pulls into the farm.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
<GASP> THE CIRCUS!
(grabbing Ginger)
Quick. Hide me! HIDE ME!

Ginger grabs Rocky and drags him into...

INT. FOWLER'S HUT - DUSK

Fowler eyes himself in the mirror, looking at his R.A.F. medal....

FOWLER
One isn't awarded a medal like this for
flapping about like a lunatic, what.

Ginger bursts in with Rocky, looks around the room...

FOWLER (CONT'D)
Now, see here. This is an officer's
quarters...

...she spots an open bombshell in the corner.

GINGER
Quick. In here!

She pulls Rocky toward it.

FOWLER
Get out of here immediately, sir!

ROCKY
Ah, give it a rest, pops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ginger slams the door to the bombshell and sprints out.

FOWLER

Get out of here!! I shall have you on
a charge within the week!!

EXT. CHICKEN COMPOUND - EARLY EVENING/NIGHT

Ginger and Mac stand at the chain link fence and watch as...

A LARGE TRUCK BACKS UP TO THE BARN - with the words "Poultry
Products, Ltd." written on the side.

The Tweedys motions the truck back and supervises as huge crates
are lifted off the bed of the truck and loaded into the barn.

MR. TWEEDY

(to the truck driver)

Cheers, mate.

Mr. Tweedy happens to glance over into the chicken run and
sees...

GINGER AND MAC peering through binoculars, flanked by the
others.

He does a double take.

Ginger and Mac discreetly hide the binoculars, whistle casually.

Mr. Tweedy shakes it off and mutters to himself...

MR. TWEEDY (CONT'D)

It's all in your head, it's all in your
head...

INT. THE BARN - NIGHT

A tire iron wedges into a crate and pries the front off.
Mr. and Mrs. Tweedy peer inside.

MR. TWEEDY

Oooh, what's all this, then?

Mrs. Tweedy grabs a circular saw blade, spins it around
menacingly.

MRS. TWEEDY

This is our future, Mr. Tweedy. No
more wastin' time with petty egg
collection and miniscule profits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. TWEEDY

No more eggs? But...we've always been egg farmers. Me father, and his father, and all their fathers, they was always...

MRS. TWEEDY

Poor! Worthless! Nothings! But all that's about to change.

(holding up the saw blade)

This will take Tweedy's farm out of the dark ages and into full - scale - automated - production.

She clicks a switch. Knives shoot out from the blade in all directions. She stares over the blades, down at him.

MRS. TWEEDY (cont'd)

Melisha Tweedy will be poor no longer.

She shoves the MANUAL into his chest and exits the barn.

MR. TWEEDY

I'll put it together then, shall I?

OUTSIDE THE BARN

BLAM! Mrs. Tweedy slams the barn door shut, then fires a bone chilling smile at Ginger and Mac who look on with morbid curiosity.

GINGER

This isn't good, Mac. Whatever's in those boxes is for us - and I don't think it's softer hay.

MAC

Aye, hen. And I hate to be the voice o' doom, but I've been calculatin' m' figures...

(checking her notepad)

...and I just dunnea think we're built for flyin'.

GINGER

(defensive)

But I saw him! He flew in over that fence!

MAC

Aye, aye - I believe you. But if we could see it for ourselves, that might answer some questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINGER

You're right. I'm sorry. We've been at this all week and we're getting nowhere. If his wing were better he could...

(thinking)

<BIG SIGH> I'll have a word with him.

Mac continues working on her figures as Ginger peels away

CUT TO:

INT. FOWLER'S HUT - NIGHT

Ginger steps in to find Fowler sitting on his bunk, polishing his medal. She looks to the old bombshell. Rocky isn't in it.

GINGER

Where is he?

FOWLER

They didn't give me this medal for being a Yank nanny!

GINGER

A simple "I don't know" would suffice.

She starts to leave.

FOWLER

Beware of that one, young Ginger. That Yank is not to be trusted.

GINGER

That "yank" is our ticket out of here.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HUT 17 - NIGHT

TIGHT ON ROCKY - who sits in a bunk.

ROCKY

...and the pig says to the horse, "Hey fellah, why the long face!?" AH HA HA HA!!!

Rocky creases over with laughter. PULL BACK to reveal he's surrounded by hens who are also tittering and laughing. Rocky plucks a tail feather and plops it in his drink.

ROCKY (cont'd)

Look! Cocktail!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORE LAUGHTER. Bunty stands beside him.

BUNTY
Give over!!

She smacks Rocky on the back - hard. He does a spit take. The crowd parts (to dodge the spit of his drink) and there stands Ginger. Hands on hips. Foot tapping. Drenched.

Rocky snaps into a more serious pose, tries to cover as Babs dries Ginger off with her hanky.

ROCKY
So, um...anyway. Remember those flying tips tomorrow - they're very important - and keep thinking those flighty thoughts.

The chickens disperse. Ginger keeps staring him down.

ROCKY (cont'd)
They're swell chicks, they really are.
Look at what Babs made me.
(a knitted piece for his beak)
A beak warmer. Isn't that the cutest?
And that Bunty...
(rubbing his shoulder)
Whoa. She really packs a pun...
(unable to stand it anymore)
Is there problem here?

GINGER
Have we flown over that fence?

ROCKY
Not quite.

GINGER
Then there's a problem.

ROCKY
Hey, good things come to those who wait, doll face.

Rocky heads for the door. She stomps her foot.

GINGER
Ginger!

She follows him out to...

EXT. CHICKEN YARD/OUTSIDE HUT 17 - NIGHT

Rocky washes his face at a washtub, primps and prunes before a broken mirror.

GINGER

Okay - how long did it take you?

ROCKY

- To do what?

GINGER

(losing patience)

To learn how to fly?

ROCKY

Apples and oranges, baby doll. I'm gifted, they're not. You can't compare the two, okay?

(turning, walking away)

Point is - these things take time.

GINGER

Which we are rapidly running out of. And we haven't even lifted off the ground! Why?!

Mac steps into frame.

MAC

Thrust!

ROCKY/GINGER

What?

MAC

I went o'er m'calculations, hen, and figured the key element we're missing is thrust.

VERY - LONG - BEAT -- as Rocky furrows his brow.

ROCKY

I didn't get a word of that.

MAC

Thrust! Other birds like ducks and geese - when they take-off - what do they have? Thrust!

ROCKY

I swear she ain't usin' real words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINGER

She said we need more thrust.

ROCKY

Oh, thrust. Well...why didn't she...I mean...Of course we need thrust. Thrust and flying are like, like -- like this.

(putting his fingers together, pointing to each of them)
That's flying, that's thrust.

Ginger grabs Rocky by the wing - the hurt one -

GINGER

Will you excuse us?

She pulls him aside

ROCKY

The wing, the wing, the wing...

Ginger spins him around, pokes him in the chest.

GINGER

If we don't see some results by tomorrow, the deal is off and you're on your own. No more hiding, the farmers will find you, and it's back to the circus, fly boy.

ROCKY

You know you're the first chick I ever met with the shell still on.

(a coy smile)
Sleep tight, angel face. The Rock's on the case.

He gives her a wink before he leaves. Ginger stomps her foot.

GINGER

GINGER!!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHICKEN COMPOUND - MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT. The farm at morning. Tilt down to Hut 17.

FOWLER

Cock-a-doodle-do -- what, what.

INT. HUT 17 - MORNING

Ginger is asleep in her bunk. We hear the VOICES of NICK, FETCHER and ROCKY O.S. -- LAUGHING.

NICK (O.S.)

...oh it was a beaut, guvnah. A fine piece of work if I do say so m'self.

FETCHER (O.S.)

I say so meself, too.

ROCKY (O.S.)

I wish I could've seen it' guys.

During the above, Ginger furrows her brow and gets out of her bunk.

EXT. HUT 17 - MORNING

Ginger exits Hut 17. Her mouth drops at what she sees.

ROCKY standing with NICK AND FETCHER. Laughing it up.

NICK

We slipped into the farmer's room, all quiet like.

FETCHER

Like a fish.

NICK

Yea, and we...like a fish? What do you mean like a fis...ya stupid Norbert...
(shaking it off)

Anyway, guv. Here it is. El merchandiso.

FETCHER

That's Spanish.

They hand Rocky a sack.

GINGER (O.S.)

What are these two crooks doing here?

They spin and see Ginger.

ROCKY

So, you know each other?

FETCHER

She don't think we're valuable, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY

Guys, you are without a doubt the sneakiest, most light fingered, thieving parasites I've ever met.

They blush.

NICK

Oh, don't. Stop it.

FETCHER

I've gone bright red.

NICK

So, uh, how about them eggs?

GINGER

Eggs?! Don't tell me you promised them...

ROCKY

(silencing her)

Yep. Promised them every egg I lay this month.

He winks at her, out of sight from the rats.

NICK

And when can we expect the first installment?

ROCKY

I'm brewing one up as we speak, guys. I'll keep you posted!

NICK

Pleasure doing business with you, sir.
(as he and Fetcher walk away,
under his breath)
Sucker.

Rocky is all smiles -- until he catches sight of Ginger's gaze, burning a hole right through him.

ROCKY

(on look from Ginger)

What?

GINGER

You lied to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCKY

I didn't lie, doll face. I just -
omitted certain truths. I'll give 'em
exactly what I promised.

GINGER

Which is nothing.

ROCKY

Which is what I'll give them.

She shakes her head in disgust.

GINGER

And what will you give us?

Rocky pulls a pair of suspenders out of the sack.

ROCKY

Thrust.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIFFERENT PART OF THE COMPOUND - MORNING

Bunty lays on her belly on a modified bunk (with wheels) which
sits in the suspenders like a rock in a slingshot.
S T R E T C H - Chickens pull it back.

Nick and Fetcher sit in their "bleachers" - watching.

ROCKY

Now this is just a little helper.
Something to get you going. It's a
thrust exercise.

NICK

The tension's killing me.

FETCHER

It's gonna kill her!

ROCKY

Release!

They let go. Bunty rockets forward. There's a length of rope
attached to it.

GINGER

C'mon, Flap!

It uncoils then - THOING! - goes taught. The bunk stops. Bunty
shoots forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINGER (CONT'D)

FLAP!

She flaps across frame on the cart, past the rats.

GINGER (cont'd)

Yes, yes, yes!

She flaps furiously then - THOING! - slams into the chain-link fence.

The rats howl.

NICK

(pointing and laughing)

Is that your first offense!?

Then Bunty bounces off the fence and flies back into the rats bleachers, sending them tumbling with a loud CRASH.

Ginger looks to Rocky for an explanation.

ROCKY

Oops?

THE BELL RINGS.

They all scramble. Ginger looks to the bell. Babs panics.

BABS

Roll call!

ROCKY

(to Ginger)

Hide me.

BABS

I haven't laid any eggs. Three days and not a one! Oh no...

GINGER

Why didn't you tell us, Babs!

ROCKY

Hide me!

BABS

We've been so busy...with the flying...and the...

BUNTY

They're coming!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY

HIDE ME!!

GINGER

HIDE YOURSELF!!

Chickens scurry around to get into line. Rocky frantically searches for a place to hide, finally dives into a watering can.

Fowler, lifeless and dejected, marches out and into his space in line with the others. All the chickens do the same as...

THE TWEEDYS ENTER THE COMPOUND

Mrs. Tweedy marches up to the line as before, wearing the rubber gloves. She paces before them -- just staring and smiling.

Babs quivers in her spot. Ginger privately reaches out and holds her shaking hand

Mrs. Tweedy stops before Babs.

BABS gulps.

Mrs. Tweedy leans down like before only this time - SHE PRODUCES A CLOTH MEASURING TAPE. She wraps it around Bab's hips, gets the measurement and half smiles.

Ginger reacts. This has never happened before.

Mrs. Tweedy checks the measurement, then turns to Mr. Tweedy.

MRS. TWEEDY

Double their food rations, Mr. Tweedy.
I want them all as fat as this one.

She exits. Mr. Tweedy follows.

Babs collapses into Bunty's arms.

BABS

Oooh, me life flashed before me eyes.
(beat)
It was really boring.

EXT. CHICKEN COMPOUND/FEEDERS - NOON

Mr. Tweedy rips open a seed bag and pours in huge amounts of food.

BABS

Chicken feed! My favorite!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chickens rush the feeders and start pecking away like mad.

GINGER

Wait...don't....

She looks over to the fence where Mrs. Tweedy watches, so gleeful the hens have fallen for her plan, she gooses Mr. Tweedy on the bum.

MR. TWEEDY

Ooh.

Ginger senses something is very wrong here.

GINGER

Don't...wait...stop. Please, stop it.

She grabs the feeder and turns it over. All the seed spills onto the ground.

GINGER (cont'd)

STOP IT!!

The chickens stop, some with their mouths full of seed.

GINGER (cont'd)

Something is wrong here. Can't you see that?

The chickens suddenly freeze and shake their heads.

GINGER (cont'd)

(listing them on her fingers)

Strange boxes arrive in the barn, Babs stops laying but they don't take her to the chop, and now they're giving us extra food! Don't you see what's happening? They're fattening us up. THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US ALL!

Chickens collectively GULP and swallow their food.

Rocky emerges from his hiding spot in the watering can.

ROCKY

Whoa, whoa, heavy alert. She didn't mean that, gals. Keep eating, save some for me.

He grabs Ginger and pulls her away.

GINGER

What are you doing...let go of me.

INT. HUT.17 - (CONTINUING)

Rocky pulls Ginger into the hut, spins her around.

ROCKY

Listen. I've met some hard-boiled eggs in my day, but I'd say you're about twenty minutes.

GINGER

And what's that supposed to mean?

ROCKY

It means you gotta lighten up. See, over in America, we have this rule. If you wanna motivate someone -- "don't - mention - DEATH!"

GINGER

Funny. Over here, the rule is "always - tell - the truth."

ROCKY

And, hey - that's been workin' like a charm, hasn't it? Here's some free advice. You want 'em to perform, tell 'em what they wanna hear.

GINGER

You mean lie.

ROCKY

(throwing his hands up)
Here we go again.
(pointing a finger at her)
You know what your problem is -- you're difficult.

He walks away. She follows and cuts him off.

GINGER

Why? Because I'm honest? I care about what happens to them, something I wouldn't expect a "lone free ranger" to know anything about.

ROCKY

Hey, if this is the way you show it, I hope you never care about me!

GINGER

I can assure you, I never will!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY

Good!

GINGER

Fine!

Ginger goes one way, Rocky goes the other.

Rocky rounds a corner and sees...

ALL THE HENS -- heads bowed, slumped over, looking depressed and lifeless.

Mac plays the blues on a harmonica. Babs has knitted a noose.

WITH ROCKY

as his face falls. He feels for them. He looks back at Ginger, gets an idea, then heads off in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GINGER'S ROOF-TOP - DUSK

Ginger sits on the roof watching as the sun sets behind her favorite hill. Her face is void of all expression. Then, behind her she hears music.

She furrows her brow and climbs down.

INT. HUT 17 - NIGHT

Ginger enters and finds chickens moving bunks around.

GINGER

What's all this?

She sees Nick and Fetcher standing beside A TRANSISTOR RADIO.

NICK

Well, here she is. Ask and ye shall receive.

FETCHER

That's Biblical.

NICK

(as Rocky inspects it)
That's real craftsmanship is what it is. Solid as a rock.

He hits it - SPROING - a spring shoots out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FETCHER

It's supposed to do that.

ROCKY

It's perfect, guys.

NICK

And how's that egg coming?

ROCKY

(patting his stomach)

This is a double yolker.

Nick and Fetcher rub their hands together and practically salivate.

The rats hurry out, bumping into Ginger. Rocky kneels beside the dials on the radio.

Rocky turns the dial CLICK! Static crackles. The chickens collectively recoil, frightened. Rocky dials some more and lands on the snappy opening beats of "FLIP, FLOP, FLY"

GINGER

I don't see what this has to do with...

ROCKY

You will.

The hens look skeptical as Rocky bounces amongst them.

ROCKY (cont'd)

We've been workin' too hard. Time to kick back a bit, shake those tail feathers!

Rocky does a little jig. The hens whisper to one another. Bunty crosses her arms, scoffs.

BUNTY

Look at 'im. Nellypodging around like a...

She looks down. Her foot is tapping.

BUNTY (CONT'D)

Good heavens. What's happening?

ROCKY

That's called a beat, sister. Feel it pulsing through your body?

Bunty is now bouncing to the beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUNTY

Oh, yes. Pulsing. Fancy that.

ROCKY

Hey, well then go with it, baby.

She bursts out, moving her body, adding arm movements.

BUNTY

Oh my. Look. I'm "going with it!"

BABS

Bunty! What's got into you!

BUNTY

Same thing that's got into you
apparently!

Babs looks down and notices her foot tapping. She starts
bouncing, then swaying her arms and soon -- she too is dancing.

Suddenly, all the other chickens follow her lead.

ROCKY

Just go with the flow, gals! Let it go!

Rocky moves amongst them as they get more and more carried away.

Even the chickens sitting in their bunks do a choreographed hand-
jive.

Fowler enters and sees all the chickens dancing.

FOWLER

Now see here! I don't recall
authorizing a hop.

BUNTY

Ah, shut up and dance.

She pulls him onto the floor and starts swinging him around.

UP IN THE RAFTERS - Nick and Fetcher have hung a Christmas
ornament. Light bounces off it as it spins like a disco ball.

Nick looks over, notices Fetcher is crying.

NICK

What are you sobbin' about, you Nancy

FETCHER

(sobbing)

Lit'le moments like this, mate - it's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FETCHER (cont'd)
wot makes the job all wurfwhile.
(beat, then...)
Wanna dance?

NICK
(long pause)
Yeah, alright.

Nick screws in a bulb on the strand of Christmas lights. The room is awash with a burst of color.

OFF TO THE SIDE - Mac does her own little Scottish, Michael Flatley "Riverdance" clogging move.

GINGER - stands off to the side - watching.

She gets bumped from behind and knocked out into the middle of the action. Then bumped again, and again, until she is caught by...

ROCKY

He tries to get her to dance. She resists at first, but looks around and sees that...

EVERYONE IS DANCING.

Chickens stepping in sync, flapping to the right, flapping to the left - and most notably - smiling.

Rocky and Ginger start to dance. Tentative at first. She giggles (the first time we've seen that), then stifles it.

Before long, with everyone dancing around them, they are going at it full tilt.

Nick and Fetcher dance in the rafters.

Near the end of the song, they're all dancing in unison. Buntz grabs Babs and gives her a good twirl.

Babs nearly loses her balance and flaps to steady herself. Instead she flies up onto a top bunk.

BABS
<GASP> Did you see that!? I..I..I
FLEW!!!

The chickens excitedly gather around her, chattering, congratulating her, flooding her with questions.

Rocky claps both hands and whistles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ROCKY
(capitalizing on the moment)
(clapping)
Atta girl, Babsy! Atta girl!

His bandage falls off and Ginger realizes...

GINGER
Your wing. It's better!

Rocky moves his wing around.

ROCKY
(busted)
Um -- yeah. How 'bout that.

GINGER
Fantastic! You can fly for us
tomorrow.

Rocky's looking a little sick.

ROCKY
(a pained smile)
Yeah, so it seems..

His mind is racing. Ginger looks at all the smiling chickens,
then back to Rocky.

GINGER
Looks like I owe you an apology. I
didn't think you cared about us, but
after all this, it seems I was wrong.

Rocky looks into her eyes - there's something happening here.

ROCKY
Easy, Miss Hard-boiled. I might think
you're turnin' soft.

They stare into each others eyes.

A SLOW NUMBER STARTS. The hens start slow dancing with one
another. Unbeknownst to them, they start slowly swaying to the
music.

ROCKY (cont'd)
Listen, um -- there's something I gotta
tell you.

O.S. - we hear A DEAFENING RUMBLE. All the chickens freeze.
Ginger suddenly looks very concerned.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

The lights dim. The radio CRACKLES. The DISCO BALL shimmies
O.S. WE HEAR A LOUD BELCHING ENGINE FIRE TO LIFE

Ginger moves toward the door. Rocky follows and just before
they step out, she turns to him.

GINGER

No. You'd better wait here.

Rocky nods and backs away.

EXT. CHICKEN COMPOUND - NIGHT

Ginger exits Hut 17, goes to the fence and stares at the barn.
The DOGS BARK as the barn rumbles, smoke billowing out the smoke
stack.

INT. INSIDE THE BARN - NIGHT

Mr. Tweedy turns a dial that gets the sputtering machine purring
like a Rolls. He steps back and watches her run.

MR. TWEEDY

Oh, that's champion that is. Er...what
is it?

MRS. TWEEDY

It's a pie machine, you idiot.
(turning to it)
Chickens go in, pies come out.

MR. TWEEDY

Ohhh. What kind of pies?

MRS. TWEEDY

(deadpan)
Apple.

MR. TWEEDY

My favorite!

MRS. TWEEDY

Chicken pies, you great lubbox!
(turning to the machine, eyes
glimmering)

Imagine it. In less than a fortnight,
every grocer's in the county will be
stocked with box upon box of Mrs.
Tweedy's Home Made Chicken Pies.

MR. TWEEDY

Just -- Mrs.?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. TWEEDY

Woman's touch. Makes the public feel
more comfortable.

MR. TWEEDY

Oh...right...how does it work?

MRS. TWEEDY

(a sinister gleam in her eye)
Get me a chicken and I'll show you.

Mr. Tweedy gives it some thought, then...

MR. TWEEDY

I know just the one.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICKEN COMPOUND - NIGHT

A dog backs Ginger right into Mr. Tweedy's awaiting hand. He
scoops her up and carries her to the barn.

MR. TWEEDY

I've got a score to settle with you.

BABS

Bloomin' 'eck! They've got
Ginger!

Mr. Tweedy leaves with Ginger in tow.

BUNTY

We mustn't panic. We mustn't panic!

They hold it together for a beat -- then THEY ALL PANIC, waving
their arms wildly, clucking and squawking.

Fowler exits Hut 17, sees the commotion.

FOWLER

Quiet there. QUIET, I SAY!!

Rocky pokes his head outside the hut.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Let's have some discipline, what what!
The enemy has taken a prisoner. This
calls for retaliation!! Retaliation, I
say.

ROCKY

What's happening? What's going on?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BABS

They got Ginger, Mr. Rhodes! They're taking her to the chop!!

More PANIC. Rocky stands there, frozen.

FOWLER

Well, what are you waiting for, laddie?! Fly over there, save her!!

Rocky reacts to Fowler with a bit of a horrified gasp.

ROCKY

(thinking fast)

Of course...no...that's just what the enemy would expect. But I say we give 'em the old element of surprise!

FOWLER

And catch Jerry with his trousers down. I like the sound of that. What's the plan?

ROCKY

(scanning the yard)

The plan, the plan, the plan...

He spots a telegraph pole with an electrical cable running into the upper loft window of the barn. He looks to Babs' knitting bag, sees a small COAT HANGER poking out..

ROCKY (cont'd)

Babs, gimme that thing.

She hands him the coat hanger.

ROCKY (cont'd)

Bunty. Gimme a boost.

They exit frame.

TOP OF THE TELEGRAPH POLE

Rocky hooks the coat hanger onto the wire and slides down toward the open barn window. Heroic? No. Terrified.

ROCKY (cont'd)

Ahhhhhhh!!!

He lands

INSIDE THE BARN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He walks to the edge of the loft and looks down upon the PIE MACHINE.

ROCKY (cont'd)

8100

Whoa. Look at the size of that thing.

8100

Mr. Tweedy CLAMPS Ginger's feet into ankle holders on an overhead conveyor belt. He pushes a couple of levers and the belt starts moving Ginger toward the opening.

MR. TWEEDY

Chickens go in...pies come out.

The Tweedys move around to the side where the pies come out.

MR. TWEEDY (CONT'D)

Chicken pies. Not apple pies.
Chicken.

Ginger struggles with her ankle clamps. Up ahead, the clamps release just over A LARGE CHUTE that leads to God knows where.

GINGER

Oh great. Brilliant!

Rocky pops up behind her.

ROCKY

Yo, baby doll! I'm coming.

GINGER

Rocky! Hurry!

He jumps up and runs the opposite way on a conveyor belt.

ROCKY

Still coming!

GINGER

Stop this thing! Hurry!

ROCKY

I'm getting there.

Rocky leaps for her, but he's too late. The ankle clamps release. Ginger falls down the chute.

GINGER

AH!

ROCKY

Oh...shoot!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GINGER
ROCK-EEEEEE!!!!

Rocky looks down the chute, unaware that he is standing on a lever. The lever falls, turning on the "VEG FEED" indicator light.

ROCKY
(calling down the chute)
I'll be down before you can say...
(looking behind him)
...mixed vegetables!

A trough of mixed vegetables pour down on his head sending him down the chute.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
WHAAAA...OHHHH!

He slides down the chute. A sign reads "MIXED VEGETABLES - THIS WAY." Before he arrives, it flips and reads "MEAT - THIS WAY." Rocky is diverted down another chute that sends him toward MENACING ROTATING SAW BLADES. At the last second, he grabs a pole, slides down it into shaft that deposits him into a big clump of dough on a conveyor belt.

ROCKY (CONT'D)
D'oh! Hey, get it. Dough!

GINGER
I'm stuck.

ROCKY
Nothing to it.
(He tries to pull leg out of
dough)
Whoops!

Ginger sees a giant ROLLER rounding the corner, flattening all the dough. Rocky can't get out of his dough ball so he hops - with the dough attached to his feet - over to Ginger.

They grab a chain that hoists them up and deposits them on another conveyor belt inside a pie tin. A giant STAMPER slams down on top of them as the tin is slid onto another belt. Diced vegetables pour down on them as the tin moves toward... *

GINGER
Look out!

A BULBOUS GRAVY DISPENSER - squirting hot gravy into the tins before them. At the last second, Rocky grabs a carrot and ..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

shoves it into the snout of the gravy blaster. The rubber sacks that surround it begin to fill with gravy.

SPLAT - they're covered with a layer of pastry - the top of the pie - and slide down a ramp into a large room with other pies.

ROCKY

Whoa. It's like an oven in here.

Fires light all around them. It is an oven. And the oven door is closing.

GINGER

Come on! The door!

Ginger races for the door. Rocky follows but falls into the next pie.

ROCKY

Wait up I'm com-whoa...don't leave,
I'm...blllh...Get over to the blah...

Rocky's trying to follow, but keeps falling in the pies.

Ginger dives through the closing door, looks back and sees Rocky has fallen into nearly every pie in the oven, covered with gravy.

She grabs a wrench and uses it as a spanner to hold open the door. She races back inside, pulls Rocky out of a pie...

GINGER

The door. C'mon! Quick!

...and rushes him toward the door which is now bending the spanner.

They leap through in the nick of time. Ginger loses her hat and - like Indiana Jones - reaches back and grabs it just before the door closes.

They pause for a moment to catch their breath, then realize -- gravy is dripping down on them. The look up.

They are back beneath the gravy squirter, still with the carrot shoved inside. The rubber sacks are filled to capacity. The whole thing shimmies violently.

ROCKY

She's gonna blow! Run!

The spanner shoots out and into the gear works. The machine GRINDS and GROANS. The GRAVY PRESSURE needle points way into the red on "High."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

OUTSIDE THE MACHINE, WITH THE TWEEDYS

SPARKS and SMOKE spew from the machine.

MRS. TWEEDY

What did you do, you great pudding?!

MR. TWEEDY

I didn't do owt!

Rivets start shooting off the machine. Seems are splitting.

MRS. TWEEDY

Turn it off! TURN IT OFF!!

MR. TWEEDY

It won't turn off!!

BACK INSIDE THE MACHINE - the gravy squirter spits out the carrot. It flies past a fleeing Rocky and Ginger and smacks into a some of the gear cogs. The fall and roll down a ramp after them.

At the end of the ramp - just before the cogs overtake them - they grab a chain and swing out over a chasm of gears (like Luke and Leia in Star Wars) and outside the machine onto a pie box.

GINGER/ROCKY

Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!!!

A giant PRESS comes down from overhead and stamps a LABEL onto Rocky's chest. Ginger peels it off and reads it -- horrified.

GINGER

We've got to tell the others. Come on.

MEANWHILE - the machine is going haywire.

Mr. Tweedy haplessly flips every lever in sight.

MRS. TWEEDY

It's the big button that says "OFF!"

God bless him, he tries. But he's hopeless. She rolls her eyes, grabs the power cord and unplugs it. It sputters and dies.

MR. TWEEDY

Look! I fixed it!

Mrs. Tweedy grabs a nearby pie, and as she moves to hit him

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

with it...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HUT 17 - NIGHT

Ginger - smacking a pie label onto the wall. It reads:

"MRS. TWEEDY'S CHICKEN PIES"

BUNTY

Chicken pies?

The chickens react. "Oh nooo..."

GINGER

Yes, but...

BABS

I DON'T WANT TO BE A PIE!! I don't like
gravy!

GINGER

Ladies, please. Let's not lose our
heads.

BUNTY

Lose our heads!?

CHICKENS PANIC. Some faint. One falls off her bunk.

GINGER

What I meant to say was...Rocky
sabotaged the machine and bought us
more time. And better still - he's
going to fly for us tomorrow...

*

As Ginger continues to address the hens who are anxiously
gathered around her, we pull back....

GINGER (CONT'D)

And once we've seen how it's done,
we'll get it. I know we will. So
don't worry because tomorrow everything
is going to go much, much smoother...

...and find...

ROCKY

...standing just outside the doorway, in shadow. Watching them.
Feeling bad. Feeling responsible. He hangs his head -- and
walks away.

INT. FOWLER'S HUT - NIGHT

Rocky enters Fowlers hut. Fowler is standing right there in the doorway.

ROCKY

Ah!

(defensive)

Alright, pops. What'd I do now?

FOWLER

A very brave and honorable deed, sir.

Rocky is taken aback. Who, me?

FOWLER (CONT'D)

In light of your actions this evening,
I dutifully admit that I have misjudged
your character. I present you with
this medal for bravery...

He pins his R.A.F. medal on Rocky's chest...

FOWLER (cont'd)

...and I salute you.

Fowler takes a step back, and salutes.

FOWLER (cont'd)

In honor of the occasion, I surrender
the bunk entirely. I shall sleep under
the stars.

He marches to the door.

FOWLER (cont'd)

I await tomorrow's flying demonstration
with great anticipation.

Fowler leaves. Rocky looks at his medal, catches a view of
himself in the mirror. He stares at himself.

ROCKY

You and me both, pops.

EXT. ROOFTOP/CORNER HUT - MOMENTS LATER

Rocky sits on the roof looking at his medal, staring out toward
the horizon. Ginger appears behind him, sees him.

GINGER

I'm sorry. Were you...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKY

Is this your...I'll get down.

GINGER

No, no. It's just...

There's a pause and then they both speak at the same time.

GINGER (cont'd)

Well since you're here there's something I...

ROCKY

I'm glad you're here because I really think I should tell you...

GINGER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, you go first

ROCKY

You go ahead, I'll...

They both laugh. She sits beside him.

GINGER (CONT'D)

I just wanted to say...I may have been a bit harsh at first...well what I really mean is...thank you. For saving my life.

(looking out)

For saving our lives.

Rocky gulps. She looks out toward the hill.

GINGER (cont'd)

You know, I come up here every night and look out to that hill and just imagine what it must be like on the other side. It's funny, I've never actually felt grass beneath my feet.

(turning to him, realizing)

I'm sorry. Here I am rambling on about hills and grass and you had something you wanted to say.

Rocky stares at her, looks out to the hill.

ROCKY

Yeah, well um...it's just that, you know -- life -- as I've experienced it, you know -- out there, lone free ranging and stuff-- it's full of disappointments.

GINGER

You mean, grass isn't all it's cracked up to be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCKY

Grass. Exactly. It's always greener
on the other side. And then you get
there and, and, and it's brown and
prickly, you see what I'm trying to
say?

She nods - then shakes her head no. Rocky sighs.

ROCKY (cont'd)

What I'm trying to say is...
(he looks deep into her eyes)
he caves)
You're welcome.

She smiles - and kisses his cheek. There's a pause like that
kiss might turn into more, then they both become uncomfortable.
She turns back toward the hill.

GINGER

You know, that hill is looking closer
tonight than it ever has before.

She puts her hands down to steady herself and accidentally sets
her hand on his. There's a pause. Their eyes meet for a brief
second -- then they nervously pull their hands apart.

GINGER (cont'd)

Well. Goodnight...Rocky.

She stands to leave.

ROCKY

Goodnight...Ginger.

Ginger smiles - that's the first time he's called her by name.
She leaves.

Rocky looks down at the medal, looks out to the hill.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHICKEN COMPOUND/FOWLERS HUT - NEXT MORNING

Fowler marches out on his roof, clears his throat.

FOWLER

Company! - ATTEN-TION!

CLOSE ON A ROCK HAMMERING A NAIL...

...nailing the Circus Poster to the outside of Hut 17.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - Ginger hammering the nail in. She turns to the other hens who eagerly gather around her, excited.

GINGER

Today's the day, girls. We're gonna fly, I can feel it.

BUNTY

Finally, we're going to see a real professional in action.

GINGER

(to the hens)

Better start warming up. I'll go get him.

Ginger heads across the compound with a new spring in her step.

AT FOWLER'S HUT DOOR

She knocks on the hut door.

GINGER (cont'd)

Rocky? Knock-knock...

INT. FOWLER'S HUT - MORNING

CLOSE ON THE DOOR as it opens and Ginger steps in.

GINGER

Everyone's waiting so I told them I'd...

Ginger stops. Looks shocked.

GINGER (CONT'D)

R-Rocky?

GINGER'S P.O.V. - the room is empty.

She looks around the room and sees a torn piece of paper on the bed. Sitting on top of it is the medal.

She walks toward it, fearing the worst, picks it up, opens it slowly, stares at it. Her face falls.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUT 17 - MORNING

The chickens are still gathered around the torn poster on the wall, warming up, buzzing with excitement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ginger moves through them, in a daze -- carrying the other half of the poster. She parts the crowd and solemnly approaches the wall. She reaches up and joins the two pieces, completing the poster.

ON THE BOTTOM HALF IS A CANON - OUT OF WHICH ROCKY HAS BEEN FIRED.

LIGHTNING FLASHES. THUNDER ROLLS.

The lightning illuminates the stunned faces of the other hens.

Ginger's lip quivers as she stares at the poster -- and that canon, her world slowly crumbling.

Pull up and away as a light rain begins to fall.

PAN OVER TO THE FENCE...

where a hole has been dug. Beside it sits a spoon.

JUST OUTSIDE THE FARM

10000 Rocky - with a backpack slung over his shoulder, walks away with his head hung low in shame. He stops, looks over his shoulder, then continues walking.

CUT BACK TO:

THE POSTER

Close on the canon.

MAC

A canon. Aye, that'll give you thrust.

Out to reveal Mac, Bunty, Babs and the others eyeing the poster.

BUNY

I knew he was a fake all along. In fact, I'm not even certain he was American.

Mac turns to Ginger who sits off to the side.

MAC

So, what's the next plan, hen?

The hens all turn their attention toward Ginger who sits with her back to them, despondent, the lowest we've ever seen her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINGER

Let's face it - the only way out of
here -- is wrapped in pastry.

The other hens are taken aback by Ginger's uncharacteristic
pessimism.

BABS

Perhaps he just went on holiday.

BUNTY

P'raps he "just went" to get away from
your infernal knitting!

Bunty grabs Bab's needles and thread, bunches them up and throws
them in the mud.

MAC

You were the one always hittin' him.
See how you like it.

Mac smacks Bunty on the back

BUNTY

Don't push me, four eyes!!

Bunty lunges for Mac. Mac lunges back. They both have to be

FOWLER

Quiet there! QUIET I SAY!

The chickens stop mid action.

FOWLER (cont'd)

Dissent in the ranks, precisely what
Jerry would've wanted -- the old divide
and conquer!

He paces amongst them, off on a tirade.

FOWLER (cont'd)

No! A proper squadron must work
together! -- just like we did in my
R.A.F. days. With Jocko at the stick,
Flappy at the map, and old Whiz-bang
the tail end Charlie. Wingco would
give the call - Esp in the old crate
and chocks away! Wizard show it was.

(holding out his medal)

That's why the R.A.F. gives you medals!

CONTINUED: (2)

BUNTY

Will you shut up about your stupid
bloomin' medals.

She swats the medal out of his hand. They GASP and watch as it
flies up, up, up...then FFFFT - lands right in front of Ginger.

FOWLER

How dare you!

He THWACKS Bunty on the head with his stick, then gasps at his
own actions.

FOWLER (cont'd)

Madame. Forgive me. As an officer, I
offer my most sincere...

SMACK! Bunty's fist connects with Fowler's beak. He falls back
into the mud. Bunty leaps on him. And they all erupt into a
full fledged...

MUD FIGHT!

Mud flies as freely as the accusations. Chickens get thwacked.

But we focus on Ginger as the clouds part overhead and a beam of
sunshine breaks through, shining down on the medal at her feet.

The light bounces off it and onto Ginger's face. She shields
her eyes, then picks it up.

CLOSE ON THE MEDAL

For the first time, we notice that the medal has wings on it.

Ginger touches the wings, looks up at Fowler who is in the thick
of the mud fight.

GINGER

Fowler?

She stands, sees the fighting.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Stop. Everyone...shut up!

Chickens freeze - mid punch or swipe and turn to Ginger.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Fowler? What exactly is -- the
R.A.F.?

Fowler pops up out of the mud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FOWLER

What do you mean, what is it? The
Royal Air Force is what.

GINGER

(looking at the medal)
Then - what's "the old crate?"

Off Fowler's proud look.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FOWLER'S HUT - (CONTINUING)

Fowler opens his footlocker - a crate - a pulls out a photograph *
(which we don't see).

FOWLER (O.S.)

(re: the photograph)
Gorgeous, isn't she? Ah, there she is.

All the chickens are gathered around the trunk at the foot of
Fowler's bed, looking at the photograph and various other bits
of WWII memorabilia.

GINGER

You mean you flew -- in one of these?

FOWLER

Beautifully built - in fact, there's a
bit of a story to that as well. We
were out on a recce, you see. Ops had
given us the go ahead.

While Fowler continues, we slowly SLOW PUSH IN on Ginger, an
idea formulating.

FOWLER (o.s.) (cont'd)

*But the weather duffed up. Frightful
wind. Right over the white cliffs of
Dover. Nearly ditched the old girl in
the drink. Would have been a fearful
prang, but old Jocko held her steady.
He was a keen type, old Jocko. Bang
on. Wizard show. Wizard show!*

GINGER

Yes, of course...we might actually be
able to pull this off.

Ginger leaps up onto the footlocker, a new hen, filled with new
inspiration and hope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINGER (CONT'D)
Fowler's provided the answer.

FOWLER
I have?
(clearing his throat)
Yes, yes -- of course I have.
(covering)
Er, um...how have I?

Ginger dramatically turns the photo around.

GINGER
We'll make -- a crate.

The photo is of a WWII R.A.F. bomber airplane. We PUSH IN on it and...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A MODEL OF THE SAME AIRCRAFT

MAC - sits at a makeshift drafting table, studying the model, furiously sketching out blueprints.

GINGER (v.o.)
Mac you'll handle the engineering.

BABS - threads a needle.

GINGER (v.o.)
(cont'd)
Babs - manufacturing.

Fowler pulls more model airplanes from his crate.

GINGER (cont'd)
Fowler will be chief aviation advisor.

Bunty sits atop her bunk, awaiting her assignment.

GINGER (V.O.)
(CONT'D)
Bunty - eggs.

Nick and Fetcher pop up through a secret opening in the floor.

NICK/FETCHER
Eggs?

GINGER
(nodding)
Eggs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They fold their arms cynically.

NICK

Riiiiight. Just like the ones that
rooster was gonna lay. Only roosters
don't lay eggs, do they?

FETCHER

Don't they?

NICK

No, it's a lady-thing apparently, ask
your mum.

PLOP. And egg falls from Bunty's bunk into Ginger's hand.

GINGER

(holding list)

One egg for every item on the list.
First payment in advance.

Nick and Fetcher rub their hands greedily.

NICK/FETCHER

Right. When do we start?

Ginger hands them the list. They disappear into the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN/PIE MACHINE.- DAY

Two GARDEN GNOMES push wheelbarrows alongside the pie machine,
up to Mr. Tweedy who has his back turned, working on the gears
near the on/off switch.

He hears something, looks up. His toolbox is empty.

MR. TWEEDY

Huh? What the Dickens...?

He looks toward the door and sees the two gnomes -- with rat
tails sticking out the back -- scampering toward the door.

MR. TWEEDY (cont'd)

Oh, gnomes now.

AT THE FENCE

Ginger motions the gnomes forward. The gnome disguises are
lifted off revealing Nick and Fetcher underneath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

Voila!

They hand Ginger the tools, she passes them down a receiving line of chickens who feed them into Hut 17.

INTERCUTTING...

- Mr. Tweedy bangs on the underbelly of the pie machine.
 - Chickens bang nails out of the hut walls. ON THE OTHER SIDE, chickens collect the falling nails in tin cups.
 - A Hammer pries nails out of the floor.
 - Mr. Tweedy pries cogs out of the gears.
 - A chicken, sitting in a top bunk, pull a nail out. The bunk falls on the unsuspecting chicken below.
 - Fowler marches into the hut wearing very large pants. He pulls a string and (homage to Great Escape) nuts and bolts pour out of the legs of the pants.
 - AT THE PIE MACHINE -- with Mrs. Tweedy looking over his shoulder, Mr. Tweedy plugs the chord in. There's a loud BANG! and a big belch of smoke blasts across Mrs. Tweedy's face.
 - OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND - the dogs stand watch as, unbeknownst to them, the laundry line behind them is being hoisted toward the chicken run.
 - IN HUT 17 - Nick and Fetcher pop up through the floor and feed the laundry in to the awaiting chickens.
 - A ROW OF CHICKEN stitch fabric together. BABS breezes past, dottily cutting the fabric with large scissors.
 - Mr. Tweedy drills into the machine with a manual drill.
 - Buntly drills into a bunk with a manual drill. With each turn, an egg shoots out of her bum and into..
- AN EGG CARTON -- being held by Nick and Fetcher.

NICK (CONT'D)

(salivating over eggs)

Eggs from heaven!

FETCHER

No, from the bum!

They take the eggs and scamper off.

(CONTINUED)

CUTTING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN BARN AND COOP. Sawing.
Hammering. Tying. Wrenching. Mr. Tweedy puts a panel on the
machine. Ginger attaches a gear to a peg, spins it.

CHICKENS

Hooray!

They're excited, until they hear...

THE PIE MACHINE start up.

They all freeze, stop mid wrench or hammer swing as the machine
sputters, groans,...

INSIDE WITH THE MACHINE

It runs for a moment, the sputters out -- SPLASHING MRS. TWEEDY
WITH A FIRE HYDRANT STREAM OF GRAVY.

Ginger watches from the window of Hut 17 as Mrs. Tweedy kicks
Mr. Tweedy in the butt.

MRS. TWEEDY

Idiot.

GINGER

That was close. Too close.

(turning back inside)

But we can't stop now. Come on
everyone. Keep at it, we're nearly
there. Go, go, go, go, go.

Ginger walks amongst them, proud as can be, rallying her troops.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Mac - we need those calculations --
quickly! Agnes, that has to be really
secure. Steady up there, Fowler!
Bunty, give him a hand! We can do
this, we can do it. Babs, great
work!

BABS

No problem, doll face!

She walks out of the hut, turns and realizes...she's still
thinking of Rocky. She looks over at Rocky's assembled circus
poster, still clinging to the wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

We hear a SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK as a tricycle crests the hill.
And riding that tricycle is none other than...

ROCKY ROADS, singing along with the radio which is strapped to
the back seat and blaring "THE WANDERER."

ROCKY

OHhhh, I'M THE TYPE OF GUY
THAT LIKES TO ROAM AROUND
I'M NEVER IN ONE PLACE
I ROAM FROM TOWN TO TOWN...

He pedals down the road, ringing the bell on the handlebars...

ROCKY (cont'd)

AND WHEN I FIND MYSELF
FALLING FOR SOME GIRL
I HOP RIGHT IN THAT CAR OF MINE...

He moves out of frame, stops, then pedals back in and looks up
at...

A HUGE BILLBOARD ADVERTISING "MRS. TWEEDYS HOMEMADE CHICKEN
PIES."

He stares at it for a moment, then hangs his head.

ROCKY (cont'd)

Oh, boy.

He looks over his shoulder from whence he came and we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARN - NIGHT

Mr. Tweedy, sweating bullets, is once again trying to start the
machine.

MR. TWEEDY

(under his breath)

C'mon, c'mon. Please.

He rubs his bottom which bears many a footprint.

The machine coughs some more then -- GR-GR-GR...IT STARTS UP.

IN HUT 17

The chickens all stop and listen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINGER

Oh no. He's fixed it.

BACK WITH THE PIE MACHINE

as Mr. Tweedy steps away from it, admiring his handiwork as it purrs like a kitten.

The barn doors BURST open. There stands Mrs. Tweedy. LIGHTNING FLASHES behind her.

MRS. TWEEDY

Get the chickens.

MR. TWEEDY

Which ones?

MRS. TWEEDY

All of them.

She turns the machine up full blast.

INT. HUT 17 - NIGHT

The chickens work furiously, trying to finish when...

THE ROOF OPENS -- and Mr. Tweedy peers in.

MR. TWEEDY

Me tools!

The chickens freeze, look up at him.

MR. TWEEDY (cont'd)

Why, you thievin' little buggers.

MAC

(To Ginger)

What's the plan hen?

Ginger stares up at Mr. Tweedy who narrows his eyes back at her.

GINGER

ATTACK!!

Ginger leaps onto Mr. Tweedy's face.

BUNTY

Nice plan.

The other chickens follow her lead. One latches onto his nose, another on his ear. On his shoulders, his arms, his legs. He backs out of the hut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSIDE THE BARN WITH MRS. TWEEDY...

Through the window, we see Mr. Tweedy back into the yard,
covered from head to toe with chickens.

MR. TWEEDY
Mrs. Tweedy!! THE CHICKENS ARE
REVOLTING!!!

MRS. TWEEDY
(not looking up)
Finally, something we agree on.

IN THE COMPOUND

Mr. Tweedy is now bound with twine. Mac shoves his hat into his
mouth as he falls with a THUD on the ground.

Ginger points...

GINGER
Under the hut!

...and the chickens shove him underneath a hut.

Chickens murmur. Low grade panic.

BABS
What have we done?!

GINGER
This is it everyone. We're escaping!

MAC
What? Now??

GINGER
Now.

MAC
But Ginger, she's not ready...

GINGER
Listen. We'll either die free chickens
or die trying.

BABS
Are those the only choices?

A silencing stare from the others.

GINGER
Let's do it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FOWLER

Scramble!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICKEN COMPOUND/AROUND HUT 17 - NIGHT

Chickens scamper into position. Some man ropes, other ready themselves behind huts awaiting Ginger's command.

Ropes are pulled. A wheel and axle falls into place. More ropes are pulled as two huts unhinge and join as one.

A tail section is hinged into place. The rudder is hoisted up. It's Mr. Tweedy's underwear.

MR. TWEEDY UNDER THE HUT -- watches in stunned disbelief.

Using the ropes, chickens pull the aircraft into position.

Babs directs it out using Ping-Pong paddles.

Two chickens unroll strands of Christmas tree lights. Bunty plugs them in creating a lighted runway.

At the final phase -- THE GIANT WINGS UNFOLD, like some great phoenix rising from the flames.

Ginger and Mac stare up at their creation in awe. Ginger gives Mac the thumbs up as chickens flood onto the plane.

MR. TWEEDY watches from underneath the hut, struggling.

MR. TWEEDY

(through his gag)

Rizizz...Rweeedy!...

IN THE BARN

Mrs. Tweedy turns - did she hear something.

CUT TO:

INT. FLYING MACHINE - NIGHT

Nick stands before the chickens gesturing like a flight attendant.

NICK

The exits are located here and here.
In the quite likely event of an
emergency put your head between your
knees and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FETCHER

...kiss your bum good-bye.

Everyone is in position. Ginger enters and calls up to the cockpit.

GINGER

Alright, Fowler! Ready for take off.

FOWLER

Behind you all the way!

Fowler is seated - RIGHT BEHIND HER. She does a take.

GINGER

You're supposed to be up there...

(pointing to the cockpit)

-- you're the pilot.

FOWLER

Don't be ridiculous. I can't fly this contraption.

Big MURMURS from the chickens. Confusion. Worry.

GINGER

But...back in your day. Th...The Royal Air Force...

FOWLER

644 Squadron, poultry division. We were the mascots.

MORE MURMURS - "what?...what did he say?...etc."

GINGER

You mean, you never actually flew the plane?

FOWLER

Good heavens, no. I'm a chicken. The Royal Air Force doesn't let chickens behind the controls of a complex aircraft.

A chicken calls out "We're all gonna die." CONCERNED MURMURS.

GINGER

Fowler, listen to me. You have to fly it. You're always talking about "back in your day" Well, today is your day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

She extends his medal -- the one he gave to Rocky, the one Rocky left behind.

Fowler is frozen with self doubt.

BUNTY

(With a wink)

You can do it...you old sausage!

Fowler reaches down deep, summons up his courage. He stands proudly, takes the medal from Ginger and pins it on his scarf.

FOWLER

Wing Commander T.I. Fowler, reporting
for duty!

He salutes Ginger. She salutes back. Chickens CHEER.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Well, come on, what are you waiting
for? We haven't got all day. Let's
get this crate off the ground!

Wide shot of PLANE.

GINGER

Fowler, NOW!

IN THE COCKPIT

Fowler sits in the seat, looks at his badge, nods reassuringly.

FOWLER

(manipulating levers)

Roger! Contact!

Chickens start peddling and the propeller starts spinning.

FOWLER (cont'd)

(saluting)

Cleared for take off!

Three chickens hoist a ramp into place just in front of the fence, then scamper back toward the plane.

FOWLER (cont'd)

(calling down)

Chocks away!

Two chickens yank the chocks (triangular TASTY CHOCOLATES boxes) out from under the wheels. C The plane lurches forward down the runway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

FOWLER (cont'd)
(into his funnel phone)
Full throttle.

INSIDE THE PLANE...

MAC
Full throttle!

She lets go a lever which engages some gears which STARTS THE
GIANT WINGS FLAPPING.

OUTSIDE ON RUNWAY

The wheels bounce along the rocky runway, lifting slightly, then
touching back down.

Ginger joins Fowler in the cockpit as the plane approaches the
ramp. Fowler calls down to Mac in the funnel phone.

FOWLER
We need more power!

MAC
(calling back)
I cannot work miracles cap'n. We're
giving her all she's got.

The plane continues, wheels bouncing, getting closer and closer
to the ramp, picking up speed, when all of a sudden...

MR. TWEEDY LEAPS OUT FROM BEHIND A HUT - still bound. He kicks
the ramp down.

MR. TWEEDY
Gotcha!!

FOWLER
Hard right!

The plane banks a hard right. The wing just misses Mr. Tweedy --
but the tail KONKS him in the head and knocks him to the ground.
It's now heading down the opposite direction on the runway.

GINGER
Turn it around. I'll get the ramp!

Ginger leaps off the plane, runs down the runway to the ramp.
She struggles and strains to lift it as...

The plane turns around at the other end of the runway,
entangling the Christmas lights in the rear wheel (which is
actually a paint roller).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Ginger struggles with ramp when suddenly

MRS. TWEEDY (O.S.)

PUT - THE RAMP - DOWN!

Ginger looks up. Mrs. Tweedy is hovering overhead. She swings her axe and -- THUMP - it sticks into the ramp, just inches from Ginger's beak.

MRS. TWEEDY (cont'd)

You are going to be a pie!

Gritting her teeth, she struggles to loosen the axe. She stops and when she hears

ROCKY

Gingerrrrrrrrr!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mrs. Tweedy and Ginger turn just in time to see...

ROCKY - ON HIS TRICYCLE - JUMPING THE BARBED WIRE FENCE - a la Steve McQueen.

He soars through the air in slow motion.

Mrs. Tweedy gets the axe loose and is about to swing it when...

ROCKY (cont'd)

Heads up!

The front wheel SMACKS Mrs. Tweedy on the head... She falls backwards, axe falling to ground, pinning her hair down.

Rocky spins the trike like a motorcycle and RINGS the bell.

The plane is heading quickly down the runway toward the ramp.

FOWLER

Clear the runway!

GINGER

(To Rocky)

Help me. The ramp! Quickly!!

They both grab the ramp and struggle to get it in place.

The plane is getting closer, closer. Rocky and Ginger just get the ramp up and the wood brace in place as the wheels of the plane hit it. They roll out of the way.

The plane rolls up the ramp and SOARS OVER THE FENCE. The Christmas lights are dangling behind.

(CONTINUED)

Ginger is momentarily awed by the sight of it flying.

ROCKY
Ginger!! Let's go!!

At the last minute, Rocky grabs the lights strand and Ginger's arm. They're lifted into the air.

They climb on board the plane. Rocky stares into Ginger's eyes, she stares back into his and just as he moves in for a kiss...

SMACK! She slaps him across the face.

GINGER
That's for leaving. And this -- is for coming back...

She leans in to kiss him when suddenly...

THE PLANE JERKS FORWARD. They look down.

MRS. TWEEDY HAS GRABBED ON TO THE TAIL END OF THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Oh no! She's grabbed on!

CLOSE ON MRS. TWEEDY - wielding her axe...

MRS. TWEEDY
UGHHHH!!!

FOWLER
(calling from cockpit)
Great Scott!! What was that?!

MAC
(calling to Fowler)
A cling on, Cap'n! And the engines can't take it!

Ginger looks down, sees the lights tangled around the paint-roller/wheel.

GINGER
(calling to chickens)
We need something to cut her loose!
BABS! SCISSORS!

Babs rifles through her knitting bag, tossing out various items - comb, needles, thread - comes up with pink plastic scissors.

(CONTINUED)

BINGO!
BABS

She passes them from chicken to chicken until they arrive at Ginger.

GINGER
(to Rocky)
Lower me down.

ROCKY
But, Ginger...

GINGER
Just do it!

IN THE AIR

The plane is losing altitude.

FOWLER
Increase velocity!

WITH THE PEDALING CHICKENS

BABS
What does that mean?

BUNTY
It means pedal your flippin' giblets out!

WITH MRS. TWEEDY, DANGLING ON THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS.

Mrs. Tweedy puts the axe in her mouth, starts climbing up, hand over hand.

Ginger puts the scissors in her mouth and lowers down, Rocky holding her by the feet.

She tries to cut the strand of lights -- can't reach.

GINGER
(to Rocky)
LOWER!

ROCKY
I'm trying.

Ginger is still reaching for the strand, trying to cut, when she sees their headed straight for...

A BILLBOARD FOR MRS. TWEEDY'S CHICKEN PIES...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

GINGER

Fowler! Look out!

Fowler turns, sees the billboard.

FOWLER

Great Scott!

He pulls the stick hard. The plane swoops upward causing Mrs. Tweedy to SMACK into the billboard, ripping off the image off her own face.

The chickens nearly fall off their seats.

CHICKENS

Ahhhhh!!

Nick and Fetcher's precious eggs spill out of their bag.

NICK/FETCHER

(more girlish than the
chickens)

AHHHHHHHHH!

The plane whips out of control. Ginger slips out of Rocky's grasp...

ROCKY

Ginger!!

...and slides down the wire, Christmas lights popping off as she does.

She comes face to face with Mrs. Tweedy's smiling mug -- which is actually the image from the billboard. WHHHHT, the wind whips the painted picture away revealing a scowling Mrs. Tweedy beneath.

Ginger cuts the wire like mad with her useless scissors.

She grabs her axe and rears back to swing at Ginger when...

SPLAT - an egg hits her right in the face.

GINGER

Huh?!

She turns and looks back to the plane.

ROCKY is seated in the catapult contraption (from the earlier scene) firing eggs from it.

(CONTINUED)

ROCKY

Fire!

Nick and Fetcher -- in tears -- load their precious eggs into the catapult.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Fire!!

Bigger wails from the rats as Rocky fires again. And again.

Ginger has to duck as eggs fly over her head and continually pelt Mrs. Tweedy in the face.

Mrs. Tweedy takes another swipe with the axe and knocks the scissors out of Ginger's hand. They fall through the air.

Desperate, Ginger tries biting through the wire. To no avail.

Mrs. Tweedy climbs up another notch.

ROCKY (cont'd)

More ammo!

NICK

We got no more eggs.

Rocky looks down, sees Mrs. Tweedy getting closer.

The axe enters frame, taking aim at Ginger's neck.

ROCKY

Ginger!! LOOK OUT!!

Ginger looks up, sees Mrs. Tweedy raise the axe then closes her eyes and rests her cheek on the wire. She opens one eye, sees the wire, gets an idea, and just as the axe is lowering...

SHE HOLDS THE WIRE OUT AND THE AXE BLADE SLICES THROUGH IT.

A SHOT FROM OVERHEAD -- and it looks as if Ginger has been decapitated.

But slowly, she cranes her head up, looks Mrs. Tweedy in the eye then holds out...

TWO ENDS OF WIRE. The axe did slice through.

GINGER

Bye-bye.

She lets one end go.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Tweedy F A L L S...

The plane swoops over the barn...

Mrs. Tweedy plummets into the open window at the peak of the roof.

ROCKY

Oh, that was good. That was GOOD!

Pedaling chickens cheer as the plane soars into the sky. Fowler looks down.

FOWLER

The old bird bought it! Ha ha!!

DOWN ON THE FARM

Mr. Tweedy runs toward the barn doors.

MR. TWEEDY

Mrs. Tweedy, Mrs. Tweedy...!

He throws open the doors to find...

MRS. TWEEDY'S BOTTOM HALF -- sticking out the vent pipe of the pie machine's bubbling gravy vat.

INSIDE THE VAT

The boiling gravy rises towards Mrs. Tweedy's upside down head.

ALARMS SOUND. BELLS RING. GRAVY PRESSURE GAUGES PEAK IN THE RED ZONE.

And Mr. Tweedy slowly backs out of the barn and shuts the door...

ON THE PLANE - Rocky and Ginger are mid embrace when...

W H A - B O O M ! ! ! !

A mushroom cloud of gravy explodes in the sky behind them.

Mr. Tweedy waits outside the door for the explosion to subside, then he gingerly pushes open the door to find...

MRS. TWEEDY sitting in a pool of gravy inside the remains splintered vent pipe, hair standing straight up.

MR. TWEEDY (CONT'D)

I told you they was organized.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. TWEEDY
(fainting)
Ughhh...

She screams as the door falls on her.

WE PULL UP AND AWAY (PLANE'S P.O.V.) and see that Tweedy's farm is nothing but a shell of a building and giant puddles of gravy.

IN THE PLANE

GINGER
We did it everyone.

Chickens cheer.

Mac gives Fowler a big kiss on the cheek.

Bunty hugs Babs.

Nick hugs Fetcher.

And Ginger grabs Rocky and finally gives him that big kiss.

The pedaling chickens stop pedaling...

CHICKENS
Awwwwww...

The plane dives.

FOWLER (O.S.)
KEEP PEDDLING!! We're not there yet!

CHICKENS (O.S.)
Ohhhhhh!

The plane rises again and sails off toward the sunset.

FOWLER (O.S.)
You can't see paradise if you don't
pedal! Put your drumsticks into it!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHICKEN PARADISE - DAY

CLOSE ON A SUNBURST STICKER -- from one of the chicken bunks. A model airplane enters frame.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fowler is hand-flying the plane through the air providing the appropriate engine noises before a group of wide-eyed CHICKLETS.

FOWLER

That's what I told them, what what. We were losing altitude, you see, and heading for a fearful prang...

CUT TO:

BUNTY SWINGING BABS IN A SWING

...which is actually Mr. Tweedy's underwear on two pieces of rope.

BABS

This is a lovely holiday. I'll be sad to go back.

CUT TO:

MAC LOADING A SMALL CHICKLET INTO THE CATAPULT

MAC

Safety is at all times imperative. Now, wind her up and -- let her go.

THOING. She releases the catapult. The chicklet soars out of frame.

PULL BACK TO FIND

GINGER -- standing up on a hill looking down on the scene with a satisfied smile.

Rocky steps up beside her.

Ginger and Rocky, side by side. He notices her feet in the grass...

ROCKY

So? Is it as good as you imagined?

GINGER

No.

He looks stunned. She grabs his hand -- and smiles.

GINGER (CONT'D)

It's better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They embrace. Then she takes him by the hand and leads him down the hill.

GINGER (cont'd)

C'mon. I'll show you how to play cricket.

PULL FURTHER BACK to find all the chickens exploring their newfound paradise -- rolling in the grass, running through the grass, lounging under the trees...

NICK (O.S.)

Hey, hey, here's a thought. Why don't we get an egg and start our own chicken farm. That way we'd have all the eggs we could eat.

KEEP PULLING BACK TO FIND...

NICK AND FETCHER, SITTING ATOP A SIGN...

FETCHER

Right. We'll need a chicken then.

NICK

No - we'll need an egg. You have the egg first - that's where you get the chicken from.

KEEP PULLING BACK TO REVEAL

the sign they're on reads "BIRD SANCTUARY. KEEP OUT." Bird has been scratched out and "CHIKIN" has been scrawled above it.

FETCHER

That's cobbler. If you don't have a chicken, where you gonna get an egg?

NICK

From the chicken that comes from the egg...

FETCHER

Yeah, but you have to have an egg to have a chicken...

NICK

Yeah, but you have to get the chicken first to get the egg, and then from that egg you get the chicken out of.

FETCHER

Hang on, let's go over this again.

(CONTINUED)

And as the pull back continues, we see that their paradise is an island in the middle of a tranquil lake -- no farmers, no dogs, no huts and coups and keys and NO FENCES...

THE END

**TOWARD THE END OF THE CREDITS, NICK AND FETCHER DIALOGUE RESUMES...*

NICK

What comes along first? The egg, obviously - rolling along, happy as larry, then - crack! Hatches into the first chicken.

FETCHER

Yeah, but where'd the egg come from then?

NICK

What do you mean where'd it come from?

FETCHER

Egg comes rolling along, happy as larry - I'm wondering -- where'd it come from? Without a chicken, you get no egg to come rolling along.

NICK

Well conversely, without an egg to hatch into the chicken, there would be no chicken to lay that other egg that hatches into the chicken that lays the egg I mentioned in the first place.

FETCHER

So we've got two eggs now?

NICK

No, we're still talking about the very first egg.

FETCHER

But what about the very first chicken?

NICK

He's in the very first egg -- aren't you listening?

ROCKY

Um guys? Can you keep it down. We're trying to enjoy paradise over there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

IMAGE COMES UP -- RATS STILL SITTING ON THE SIGN.

NICK
(calling o.s.)
Oh. Sorry, guv.

FETCHER
Beg pardon.

NICK
Won't happen again.

ROCKY
Thanks.

Rocky walks away.

NICK
Gitface.

FETCHER
Pillock.

NICK
Thinks he's such a big shot because his
name's on a poster. Showbiz folk, all
the same.

FETCHER
The rats are the stars.

NICK
Of course they are. We do all the hard
work. He gets all the credit.

FETCHER
Gets all the birds.

NICK
Of course he does.

FETCHER
You said it, Mate.

NICK
I know.